THRILLING, EXTRAORDINARY, TIMELY. "THE STOLEN MILLIONS," NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 43. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1906. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

DICK PENFIELD'S ARABIAN NIGHTS;

or, CHASING A SHADOW.

By WILL LISENBEE, author of "The Phantom Bicyclist," "The Mystic Mine," "The Adventures of Tom Dayton," "The Young Bee Hunters," etc.

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Begun in No. 42, Oct. 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VI.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

What I saw was so entirely unexpected that I could do nothing but stare in a sort of stupefied bewilderment.

At the far side of the chamber, on a low couch, reposed the form of a beautiful girl. She was evidently asleep, for her eyes were closed and her low, regular breathing could be plainly heard in the silence of the chamber.

As I gazed at her I thought I detected something in her face that was familiar, and then swiftly came recognition. This was the same girl I had seen on the stairs the night before!

There could be no doubt about it. This discovery brought a feeling of relief to me, for her presence there, it seemed to me, was evidence that I was mistaken in my supposition that the place was a den of rogues.

As I gazed at the girl she moved uneasily and opened her eyes. She started visibly as she saw me, and instantly rose to a sitting posture.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion," I said, removing my hat and bowing to her. "My name is Penfield—Richard Penfield, and I did not know that the house had any occupant save myself."

"And—and you live here?" she faltered, a confused look coming into her face.

"This house but lately came into my possession," I replied, and in making an inspection of the premises, I accidentally stumbled onto a secret stairway leading to these chambers. Shall I have the pleasure of knowing whom I am addressing?"

She put her hand to her forehead and a strange puzzled look came over her countenance.

"I—I cannot remember," she said. I looked at her in utter amazement.

"You cannot remember?"

A rich coloring suffused her face.

"No, sir; my mind is so confused," she faltered.

"That is very strange," I said, hardly knowing what to think.

"It is strange," she nodded, "and yet I have not the faintest remembrance of my own name, nor do I know how I came to be here."

She looked at me with a sort of helpless, appealing glance that set my heart to beating tumultuously.

Every glance of her eyes thrilled me. Her voice was soft and melodious, and there was a nameless unstudied grace about her every movement.

Who was she? and how came she to be in the secret chamber? And what, if any, connection did she have with the strangers I had seen in the room above, the night before?

My very mind revolted against associating her in any way with the two rough characters I had seen.

"You can well understand my amazement at what you say," I said, wondering whether she had lost her mind or was a victim of a lapse of memory, "and I should be glad to have you enlighten me as far as you can regarding yourself so that I may be of assistance to you."

"I am very grateful; but everything that might have happened before my coming to this place is a blank."

"Have you any idea how long you have been here?"

"I have not. I only know that I have been here since yesterday, but can remember nothing back of that time."

"Have you been alone all this time?"

"No; there were two men—dark evil-looking men—who told me that I must not attempt to leave the house. They kept me in a room above, and when I managed to escape, they brought me here and locked me in this room."

"Ah, I see! These are the same fellows I saw last night," I replied. "And you know nothing of what their object is in keeping you a prisoner here?"

"Nothing. My mind is so confused I have not known what to think. Many times I can almost remember the past, and then it slips from me."

"There is some deep villainy behind all this," I said, "and the two men are at the bottom of it. Some one slammed and locked the door behind me as I came in, and it looks as if I were a prisoner."

"Then it might be best to blow out the candle and save what is left of it for an emergency."

I thought so too, and extinguished it, I thrust it into my pocket.

The sudden darkness into which the chamber was plunged as I blew out the candle served to intensify the feeling of vague apprehension that was creeping over me. My mind was in a whirl of perplexity. That the men who had held the girl a prisoner there was up to some deep scheme of villainy I had not the slightest doubt.

My mind reverted to the tragic scene I had witnessed, and I wondered if the Spaniard I had seen standing by the couch with the murderous knife in his hand had really killed his victim. If so, what had he done with the body?

I remembered now the fellow had escaped from the room in the darkness and locked me in, and I had naturally come to the conclusion that he had made good his escape from the place. Should my conclusion be correct, who, then, was the person or persons who had locked me in the chamber?

It was plain that some one had shut and locked the door behind me as I came in, and it was possible that he might now be in the adjoining chamber.

I could see no reason for their imprisoning me, yet the door was locked and I could see no way of escape.

Fortunately, I had my revolver with me, and I was in position to defend myself and to protect the girl should it be necessary.

I kept puzzling my brain over her strange story, and I was determined to get to the bottom of the affair if it were possible, but how was it to escape? The walls of the chamber, so far as I could discover, were of stone and cement, and would baffle all attempts to dig through them.

As these thoughts passed through my mind I remembered that Colonel Wallingford might at this moment be waiting for me at my rooms above. Was there any possibility that he would seek to discover my whereabouts when he failed to find me at the appointed place? It was hardly possible.

It was useless then to expect any assistance from that source. I was still running the matter over in my mind when my fair companion spoke.

"Did you not see no one as you came in?" she asked.

"Not a living soul," I replied. "But I am quite sure I heard some one laugh when the door was closed."

As I spoke there came a slight tapping at the door.

I listened breathlessly. It was repeated, and then I heard a voice speaking with a slight Spanish accent.

By this time the candle—or rather the small piece of candle which I carried had almost burned out, and I realized that I must soon be in darkness.

She saw my gaze fixed on the candle and said hastily:

"Oh, we shall soon be in darkness! There is but a little of the candle left. Have you any matches?"

"I have a box in my pocket."

"Will the senor come here for a moment?" said the voice.

"Who are you? and what do you want?" I asked.

As I spoke I silently drew my pistol from my pocket and held it in my hand ready for instant use.

"I want to speak with the senor a moment," came the voice from the chamber beyond the door.

I got up and approached the door, my pistol in my hand.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OUTLAW'S DEMAND.

As I approached the door I saw a sudden gleam of light and discovered that it proceeded from an open space covered by ironlattice in the center of the door.

By the light which rendered objects plainly discernable in the outer chamber, I could see the figure of a man standing near the door. A single glance was sufficient to tell me that the fellow was the Spaniard I had seen in the act of committing a murder the night before.

There was an evil look on his swarthy face, and he came close to the opening as I approached.

"Who are you?" I demanded, "and what do you mean by shutting and locking me in?"

Instead of replying he leered at me in a way that made me long to take him by the throat and choke him.

"Open the door and let me out," I said, my anger rising.

At that instant I heard another voice coming from the stairway behind the Spaniard, and the next instant a man of seventy-five years came into the circle of light.

He was dressed in a well-fitting suit of gray material, and a diamond ring sparkled on his finger.

"You had better let me deal with the fellow, Francisco," he said in an easy way as he came forward. The Spaniard fell back, and the other came forward.

"Now, sir," said the newcomer, as he advanced to the door, "what can I do for you?"

"You can open the door and let me out; also the young lady here who is being held a prisoner," I replied.

"Nothing would give me more pleasure than to accede to your demands," he responded, "but, unfortunately, my friends have set their hearts on other plans."

"If you do not open the door and allow me to take this young lady out, it will be the worse for you," I cried.

"Don't talk nonsense," he broke in, with an impatient wave of the hand. "You ought to see that we have you in a trap, and it is we who are in position to dictate terms."

It was useless to dispute his assertion, yet as I was armed with a deadly 38 which I now held in my hand, I could feel that the odds were not all in his favor.

"What do you mean by shutting me up as a prisoner in my own house?" I demanded.

"That is something I am not at liberty to explain just now," was the reply. "For the present we will see if we cannot come to some terms. We do not want to be hard on you, but you have gotten in our way and must suffer the consequences. Give us your check for one thousand dollars and time to cash the same and we will allow you to go free."

"Oh, you aim to say that you and your associating are a band of bandits!" I cried.

"We shall not quarrel over a name. What do you say?"

"I will not give you a penny."

"Very well. Then you can stay here till your want of food will cause you to think less of your money."

I might have easily sent a bullet through the fellow, as he deserved, but aside from my desire to avoid ever taking human life, I could see that to be gained by such a course.

"Come," he said. "You cannot afford to trifle with us. We have all the advantage."

"Not so much as you imagine," I replied.

"What do you mean?"

"You forgot that I have friends in the city who have come here, and Murdoch may be made for me at any moment."

He laughed.

"They might search for a week and never find you," he replied. "You know this well enough."

I did know it, and I realized that I must change my tactics if I wished to accomplish anything.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind the stranger to whom I had been speaking turned to the Spaniard.

"It may be that some one may come to look for this fellow, Francisco," he said, "and you had better go above and put things in order. See to it that the sliding door is securely closed and that nothing is overlooked."

The Spaniard hurried to execute the order and the stranger again turned to the door.

"Are you ready to listen to reason?" he asked.

"I am quite willing to listen to anything you have to say, as I see no way to help myself."

"That sounds more like business."

"But I do not propose to be robbed."

"Robbed is an ugly word."

"It is no uglier than the deed."

"You have interfered with our plans, and we only ask you to pay the damage. That is not robbery."

While we were talking I had been thinking rapidly, and what I said to him was simply done that I might throw him off his guard. As I talked I drew close to the door. Suddenly I thrust the muzzle of my pistol to the opening in the door.

"If you attempt to move I will kill you!" I cried.

He heard the click of the hammer and stood transfixed.

"You see I have the drop on you," went on. "Open the door at once or I will send a bullet through you!"

"That would be murder," he said.

"Call it what you will. I am desperate, and you are but an outlaw whom any one has a right to suppress."

In the dim light I could see his face work with rage and mortification.

He realized that he had fallen into a trap, and there was no doubt that he was trying to evolve some plan to circumvent me.

"Come, open the door!" I repeated.

"But I cannot," he replied, a sudden light coming into his face.

"Why?"

"Francisco has the key."

There was little doubt in my mind that he spoke the truth, but the probability that he had not impelled me to enter a denial.

"You need not try to deceive me," I said. "You must open the door at once or it will be the worse for you."

"I tell you I have no way of opening it," he declared. "Francisco has the key."

"Then you must call him and get it."

"He will return in a few moments."

"Very well; we will wait."

He made a slight movement as if to edge away from the door.

I saw his eyes riveted on the door through which I had thrust the muzzle of the pistol, and I knew he was thinking of making a dash to get out of range before I could pull the trigger.

"I see what you are at," I cried. "Don't attempt any trick. The moment you do I shall send a bullet through your carcass."

He stopped abruptly, and backing, leaned against the wall. He held his head and seemed absorbed in thought.

"I guess you mean business," he said at length. "Suppose I show you to go away? will you keep silent as to what you have seen here?"

"I will promise nothing."

He put his hand into his pocket.

"I think I have a key that will unlock the door," he said.

He drew forth a bunch of keys.

"Then unlock it," I commanded.

He moved forward, the keys in his hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GRIM GAME DISCOVERY.

He had almost reached the door when, with the agility of a cat, he sprang to one side.

Before I knew it he was out of range of my pistol. He had trapped me nicely, and as I had trapped him a few moments before.

I heard him laugh a low, chuckling laugh that was not good to hear.

He was completely out of range of my vision, and I could only surmise where he was.

"You see, I have turned the tables on you," he said.

I was too greatly chagrined to make reply.

"I shall be careful that you do not get another chance to be smart," he went on.

As he spoke he threw something which sped across the chamber, struck the candle and extinguished it.

For a long time there was silence.

Five minutes passed, and then the voice of the stranger came from far up the stairway.

"I am going to leave you a little while," he said. "When I return you will be glad to come to my terms. As I have no means of bringing my wife out of your company (I may as well tell you that she has recently lost her mind) I shall have to show her to remain. Good-by for the present."

I heard his footsteps ascending the stairs, and then all was silent.

His words kept echoing in my ears. His wife! This beautiful girl the wife of a common rogue! The very thought rebelled against the thought.

I could not believe it. I turned to where she sat, and lighting a match, looked into her face.

A hot flush mantled her face, and there was a tremulous motion about her lips.

"My God! Did you hear what he said?" she cried in a low, agitated voice.

"I heard it," I said, and was less agitated than herself, "but it was a lie—an infamous lie!"

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that," she said, her eyes shining. "I never saw that man before in all my life. I am sure of it."

"I am sure of it," I said, "for he is not one whom honest people would be likely to know."

She sank back on the couch, a sigh of relief escaping her. Never before had woman looked so lovely in my eyes. Who was she? and what was the mystery of her being shut up there?

As the match burned out I took a seat on a stool near the couch. Absurd as it may seem, I felt a keen sense of pain at the thought that she was not another's wife. Could it be possible, I asked myself, that I was in love with the strange beauty?

Struggle as I would to evade the question in my mind, I could not get rid of it. The very thought that I was near her filled me with a sweet pleasure. I seemed to me that I should be content to remain forever shut up in the black darkness there rather than to gain my liberty at the cost of being separated from her.

There was some conspiracy against the girl, that I felt sure of, but what was it?

"Oh, if I could only be out of this gloomy place!" she cried. "It is so dreadful to be shut up here."

"I shall find some way to escape," I assured her, "and whatever happens I shall see to it that no harm comes to you."

"How good you are," she said, and I think I should have been held a prisoner here, however known how long but for your coming. I know that you will assist me to escape."

Her words thrilled me. How sweet it was to have her rely on me for assistance in her trouble. I felt that I would be willing to brave all dangers for her sake.

"If it is within the power of human, I shall find some way of getting you out of this gloomy place," I said.

I lighted another match and glanced quickly about the chamber, hoping to see some avenue of escape. But on every side the walls of stone and cement rose to baffle my undertaking.

I noticed a heavy stool—the one I had been seated on—and lifting it, I sounded the wall.

A dull sound was the result, giving back that quality which might be produced by striking on solid stone.

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My hopes fell, but I persisted. Passing along the wall, I kept sounding it. For a half-hour I kept this up, having tested every foot of the wall.

I was about to give up when it occurred to me to try the ceiling. Stepping on the couch, I lifted the stool above my head and struck the ceiling a quick blow.

A hollow sound came back, and when the blow was repeated, a shower of pieces of broken plaster fell about me. A sudden joy sprang in my breast.

"Descending from the couch, I quickly lighted the bit of candle and placed it where the light fell on the spot where I had broken the ceiling.

There was a hole about six inches in diameter, showing about it the rough edges of a thin coat of plaster and broken laths.

It took me but a few moments to widen the hole sufficient to admit my body, and then leaping upward, I caught hold of a joist and drew myself through the opening.

As I tried to look about me I found that all was blackest darkness. I lighted a match, and as the tiny flame dispelled the gloom I perceived that I was in a sort of loft or open space between the ceiling of the cellar and the floor above.

Before me, a few yards away, was an opening, and crawling forward, I drew myself through it. I now found myself in a sort of cuddy, and as I glanced to the left, I saw what appeared to be a closed door.

I crept toward it, and after listening so as to be sure that no one was near, I took hold of the latch and lifted it.

To my surprise the door opened and as I peered through the opening I saw that I was near the head of the stairway by which I had descended to the cellar.

I was greatly overjoyed at the discovery. Here, then, was a way of escape.

There was but one difficulty now in the way. The two rogues who were probably some where about the building, might be lurking near.

However, I meant to return immediately and bring my fair companion with me, and with my pistol I felt that I should be a match for the pair of ruffians.

I was now compelled to light another match, and as I turned to advance one step, I happened to glance to the other end of the closet, and as I did so I started back, a feeling of horror coming over me.

Revealed by the feeble flame of the match, the body of a man lay on the dusty floor.

A single glance told me that the features belonged to the man I had seen being murdered the night before.

CHAPTER IX.

A SHOT IN THE DARK.

I stood horrified over the lifeless body of the murdered man lay huddled up as if it had been tumbled hurriedly into the closet. Arm was stretched out as if in protection from the murderous assault, while the other lay across the breast, close to an ugly wound.

I did not tarry, but turned from the gruesome sight, and like one struggling with a nightmare, I hastily made my way back by the opening by which I had entered.

I found my fair companion waiting impatiently for my return, and I hastened to assure her that I had found an avenue by which we might escape.

She gave a little cry of joy as she came eagerly forward.

"Now you will hand me the candle," I said. "I will assist you to ascend."

She handed me the candle, and after I had placed it on a joist behind me, I bade her stand on the stool, and grasping her hands I began to draw her up.

The touch of her hands thrilled me, and as I drew her through the opening I was compelled to put my arm about her waist to aid me in her.

It is my misfortune always to be awkward when I most wish to be otherwise.

HUSBAND DECEIVED

But Thanking His Wife Afterward.

A man ought not to complain if his wife puts up a job on him when he finds out later that it was all on account of her love for him. Mighty few men would.

Sometimes a fellow gets to be set in his habits that some sort of a ruse must be employed to bring about a change, and if the habit, like excessive coffee drinking, is harmful the end justifies the means—if not too severe. An Illinois woman says:

"My husband used coffee for 25 years, and almost every day.

He had a sour stomach (dyspepsia) and a terrible pain across his kidneys a good deal of the time. This would often be so severe that he could not straighten up. His complexion was a yellowish-brown color; the doctors said he had liver trouble.

"An awful headache would follow if he did not have his coffee at every meal, because he claimed the drug.

"I tried to coax him to quit coffee, but he thought he could not do without it. Our little girl is nearly old enough for him to take and used to reach over and drink coffee from cups and saucers. She got like her father—her kidneys began to trouble her.

"On account of the baby I coaxed my husband to get a package of Postum. After the first time he drank it he had a headache and pronounced his coffee. We had some coffee in the house, but I hid it and made Postum strong as I could and he thought he was having his coffee and had no headaches.

"In one week after using Postum his color began to improve, his stomach got right, and the little girl's kidney trouble was soon all gone. My husband works hard, eats hearty and has no stomach or kidney trouble any more. After he had used Postum a month, without knowing it, I brought out the coffee. He told me to throw it away." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

and as I tried to lift her through the opening I lost my balance and pitched forward, but I held her desperately, and steadied myself. She uttered a little cry of fright, and throwing her arms about me she held on, while covered with dust and panting from exhaustion I drew her to a safe footing on the joist.

A hot flush was on her face as she discovered herself and stood screened with confusion.

"I am afraid I am very awkward," I said, repentantly.

She glanced into my face, streaked with dirt, then at my garments, which were covered with dust, and as she surveyed her person numerous spots and streaks smiled and the smile grew into a hearty laugh.

"We are both messed a little," she said.

"But we shall not mind that, so long as we have a chance to get out of this gloomy place."

I felt greatly relieved and pleased at her cheerful manner, and taking her hand, I conducted her along the dark loft. We almost had to crawl, it was so low, and before passing into the cellar I paused for a moment, not desiring that she should see the body of the murdered man, having been her self-possession, so I hastened to explain what I had discovered.

"It is, no doubt, the body of the man I saw being murdered last night," I said, "and I was afraid you might be shocked on seeing it, so I hope you will be prepared."

I conducted the door and we passed through. It was my intention to proceed to the stairway at once so as to make our escape by way out, but just then I heard voices. They came from above, in the room at the head of the stairway, and I stopped short and paused.

The men might descend at any moment, and I did not desire to encounter them in the dark place if I could help it be avoided.

I was about to extinguish the light when my eyes fell on the corpse, which was lying near the place of exit, the mouth was partly open, and as the light of the candle fell there I saw the glitter of gold teeth, and with startling brilliancy.

Amazed, I crept forward and held the candle close to the face of the murdered man. As I did so I could hardly suppress the cry of astonishment that rose to my lips.

In the cavity of the mouth, which was half open, was an immense diamond, sending forth a perfect rainbow of sparkling hues and white fire.

For a moment I could hardly credit the evidence of my eyes. I stood there like one stupefied, gazing at the gruesome sight, my senses in a whirl.

A low cry from my fair companion arrested my attention, and turning, I saw that she had come close to my side and was gazing with gaze riveted on the body of the murdered man.

"Oh, what can this mean?" she cried, putting her hand to her face as she shut out the gruesome sight. "What in the name of Heaven has happened? Why—why cannot I remember?"

She bent her head in her hands and a sob shook her frame.

Mystified and bewildered at her strange actions and words, I laid my hand on her arm and tried to soothe her.

The next instant I was startled by the sudden change that came over her face as she turned my gaze toward the door I saw the evil face of the Spaniard at the opening. Then I saw the gleam of a pistol, and then there was a broad flash and I went down in a swoon.

When I recovered I was lying on a cot in my own room, and bending over me was Colonel Wallingford.

"Glad you are better now," he cried as he saw the look of recognition on my face.

For a moment my mind was in such a state of confusion that I could not remember what had happened. Then as memory slowly came back to me I uttered a cry and would have spoken, but he laid his hand gently on my lips and told me to be quiet.

"But tell me," I implored, "is she safe?—the young lady who was with me down there?"

"Sure thing," smiled the Colonel, "and she will be here to see you as soon as you have taken a little rest."

"Was struck by the murderer's bullet?" I asked, but he stopped me with a gesture.

"It was but a scratch," he said. "But you had a narrow escape. The tenth of an inch in the side of the head would have done its work. Now you must be quiet."

He gave me some medicine and I fell into a peaceful slumber. It was late in the evening when I awoke I saw the Colonel just entering the room.

It was dark and a lamp was burning on a table near the couch.

"I see you are getting on finely," he said, "and think we might venture to talk a little."

"Tell me what happened down there," I said, striking a restless hand. "Now

—By—
J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

KEENEYES AND THE DIAMOND NECKLACE;

—A—
Double Mystery.

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Begun in No. 41, Oct. 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.
A DEEP SCHEME.

After his sudden parting from Clark Watson, the handsome lover of Miss Nell Atkins, Keeneyes hurried to the station.

He still carried in his pocket the jewels which Mrs. Larrymore had accused Sawyer Greene of stealing for Mrs. Van Antwerp.

The sparkle in Keeneyes' gray orbs indicated that he was bent upon an expedition of more than ordinary interest.

He purchased a ticket for Chicago.

When the train arrived, he went on board and clanged up and down the smoking car hoping to discover some man of criminal cast of countenance.

He found a person, at last, who did not look as bad as Keeneyes might have wished, but who was presumably no stickler at nice points of morality.

Keeneyes went and sat down by him.

Rather ostensibly he bulged out the pocket in which the case of diamonds was secreted.

In a word, Keeneyes had a long trip before him, and he hoped it might be varied by some one attempting to rob him of his valuable booty.

He gave his seatmate every opportunity, even, at last, pretending to doze a bit.

At last the man with the dark brows touched him and cried, "Move over, will you? That there thing in your pocket is a-gouging into my ribs constant."

Keeneyes started to himself, "He has no spirit!" He was disgusted.

Another station was passed, and at last the detective drew near his destination. Still the dark-browed man remained in his place.

Keeneyes eventually despairing of being robbed, opened a conversation.

"Going to Chicago?"

"Yip."

"Acquainted with the city?"

"Nope."

"Hunting a job?"

"Yap."

"What kind?"

"Anything."

"Know anybody in Chicago?"

"Nope."

"Where are you going to put up?"

"Don't know."

"I can give you a job," said Keeneyes. "I am going to a rooming house there, and I'll see that you are comfortably fixed."

"What kind of a job?" asked the dark-browed man with sudden interest.

"You said you wanted any kind."

"You do, I do!"

"All right," said Keeneyes, "that's exactly the kind I have for you."

"See here, said the man, "if you're trying to josh me——"

"I'll put you in a word," said Keeneyes; "I'll pay you two dollars a day and your board. All you have to do will be to do whatever I tell you to do. I'll pay you each day in advance, and just as soon as you get tired of the job, you can quit."

"But what are you going to tell me to do?"

"Come, come," said Keeneyes impatiently, "if you don't want the job, say so, and I tell you to do anything you don't like, you can quit that moment." He drew two dollars his pocket. "I am ready to pay you for this day now. Is it a bargain or a bluff?"

"I'm easy," said the man (King the mender. "name's Ed Bump."

"Mine is Richard Zellers," said Keeneyes. "I will give you your orders for the day. In a few moments we will be in Chicago. I am going to put up at Grime's Rooming-House. I want you to take a room there for a month. Here's the money for you to give Grimes, to pay in advance. After securing your room go where you please, except don't come around me. Tomorrow morning, in fact every morning except at nine o'clock, stand upon the front steps of the buildings. If I don't come to you, do with your time as you please until the next day at the same hour. Understand?"

"I understand," said Ed Bump with a grin. "That's the kind of work I like."

"Mind this," said Keeneyes, "if you fail to be on the steps any morning at nine, you lose your job. As do not want it known that you and I are acquainted, I'll send you your day's wages by mail."

"This here's right smart money," said Ed Bump; "how do you know but I'll skip with it?"

"That is immaterial," said Keeneyes, "I should feel a little sorry for you, but I should of course look after my own interests."

"You mean you think you could trace me down?"

Keeneyes smiled. "The world is small," he said.

They reached Chicago.

At the station they separated.

Keeneyes sought out Grime's Rooming-House. He had never been the place, but he found it exactly what his reasoning had told him he would find; a quiet, respectable and moderately cheap lodging-house in a retired part of the city. He engaged a room for a week with the option of extending the time indefinitely.

Most of the rooms were occupied by young business men, most of whom did night work at railroad and newspaper offices. Two or three single ladies had rooms on the first floor. They were typewriters.

Keeneyes was introduced to Grime's Rooming-House, but there was a convenient restaurant almost exactly across the street.

Keeneyes took a front room.

He spent the afternoon at the room window, upon the watch.

It was his purpose to learn the personnel of the household of the house.

The doorsteps were not crossed very often, because the "roomers" were either away at work, or sleeping for the night's duties. However, at six o'clock most of the lodgers came home, stayed a moment or so in the house, then, as a rule, crossed the street to the restaurant.

Among the young men who came late to supper was one who immediately engaged Keeneyes' interest.

He was about twenty years old, tall and straight and exceedingly handsome. In all the detective's varied career he had seldom seen a man who was more quick striking perfection of features and form.

The young man left the restaurant.

Keeneyes' watch was over.

He closed his window, left the house, crossed the street, and entered the same eating-house.

Ed Bump was at one of the small tables, but Keeneyes gave no sign that he knew his employee.

He looked about for the handsome young man. Presently he found him alone at a table in the corner. His order had not yet been filled, and being unoccupied, and believing himself unobserved, the young man made no effort to conceal the dejection he felt.

If Keeneyes went to his table, apparently with an undecided step, and seated himself opposite the young man. He nodded diffidently.

The young man returned the salute abstractedly. A waiter came for Keeneyes' order, then went.

Keeneyes opened the conversation. "Staying at Grime's?"

"Yes," said the young man discouragingly.

"I saw you come out of there," said Keeneyes. "I just came to the city today to spend a little time. Is the place comfortable and worth it? I never tried Grime's Rooming-House, but suppose it's as good as any other."

"I haven't been here very long myself," said the young man. "I don't know. Grime's is all right."

"My name is Zellers," said Keeneyes politely.

"Stevenson," said the other.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Stevenson. In business in the city?"

"No," said Stevenson, "just seeing the town and enjoying life in a quiet way. Like yourself, I am here on a—on er—a vacation."

"That so?" cried Keeneyes. "What a coincidence. I have just spent part of our vacation in each other's company. I should be pleased, I am sure," said the young man eagerly. "In fact, being a stranger here, I get pretty lonesome sometimes. Perhaps we could be in Chicago together worth while, after all."

"I have just thought that vacations are not what they are cracked up to be. Well, as I know the city pretty well, will take you around tonight. I see from the boards that we have our choice between three shows. Suppose we attend the one that will bring the most amusement for the money."

"Why, thank you very much," said Keeneyes heartily.

"I will speak plainly," said the young man, "as much as I have left myself. I have some fellows in the city who are not exactly the sort of chaps one would want to introduce to one's sister or mother—men of the world, you understand."

"I think I understand nicely," said Keeneyes.

"Where I come from," Stevenson went on hurriedly, "one does not associate with such men. But here there are cases lose oneself——"

"Exactly, exactly, here in the great city—" supplemented Keeneyes.

"Yes. So, as I was pretty lonesome here at first and these fellows were the kindest souls in the world, and as I decided that at my time of life a man ought to see something of the world——"

"I understand perfectly," said Keeneyes. "I find it no harm to go with them, as long as I draw a limit," said Stevenson. "If I am merely an onlooker, as it were. Certain conditions of society exist. Why blind our eyes to them? But though I look upon vice, and revelry, I take no share in my surroundings."

"Quite right," said Keeneyes, "a game of cards——"

"Yes," said the young man, "of course that's different."

"He spent his last cent on it," said Keeneyes.

"It's wonderful," said Stevenson, "I haven't lost a dollar, and I've made what I once would have considered a fortune. The fellows say they never knew anybody to have such a run of luck. They say they never will."

"Luck changes," said Keeneyes sententiously.

"Oh, yes, but I couldn't quit the boys after my heavy winnings. Besides, I don't want to appear a 'quitter.' I want them to win it back. I don't feel good to have other people's money in my pocket easily."

Keeneyes smiled. "You are conscientious. But why do you play, if you do not want this sort of luck?"

"You are a man of the world," Stevenson smiled. "I am not a Puritan."

"The excitement," remarked Keeneyes.

"That's right," said Stevenson, his eyes sparkling, "it's—it's glorious!"

"I will come with you tonight and look on, if you don't mind," said the detective.

CHAPTER VIII.
THE PLOT STRENGTHENS.

That night Keeneyes accompanied young Stevenson, and was introduced to the other's pleasures of the gaming table, but as a spectator only. He played no game.

Stevenson led him to one of those brilliant, magnificently furnished gambling-rooms which hide behind a mask of loveliness a corrupt core.

It was situated upon a respectable downtown street, and there was nothing in its outward appearance that was the haunt of vicious men and women.

In a room not long hidden Keeneyes and Stevenson were seated in a large room handsomely set with mirrors which multiplied the many brilliant lights.

At the various tables were different games being played or elegance. At the entrance of newcomers, they did not look up. Their attention was put plainly, intense faces were lifted save at the exchange of the heaps of money on the tables before them.

In contrast to these feverish gamblers were those men who lounged at a side table, apparently very little interested in their companions.

As soon as they saw Stevenson, they started from the table.

"Well, at last," said one, "you are late, tonight."

"Yes," said Stevenson, "I've been up at the same lodging-house with Mr. Stevenson, and he was good enough to give me this little peep at real life?"

The gambler who had the leader of the men with a significant look, "is a game which only four can play."

"The gentleman," said Keeneyes, "I don't want to play, myself, merely look on. I have had experience enough to wonder about the room and contrive to amuse myself somehow or other."

Keeneyes and the three gamblers seated themselves.

They began to play.

Keeneyes left the table for a distant part of the room.

At last he seated himself under a large palm, and drew a newspaper from his pocket.

Apparently he was immersed in its columns.

In reality he was intently gazing into a nearby mirror.

This mirror reflected the table at which Stevenson and his companions were seated.

Keeneyes studied Stevenson's face.

The excitement of the game had brought a flush to the handsome boy's cheeks. Keeneyes, however, cared nothing for physical beauty. He viewed thoughtfully.

"Stevenson is a good young man," he reflected.

The game progressed.

"A pity!" Keeneyes whispered to himself. "What a pity!"

He rose and went back to the table. A new game was about to begin.

"What luck?" Keeneyes asked.

"Still winning," said Stevenson with boyish pleasure. "Never fellows say they never saw the like."

"I'll swear I never did," growled one of the men. "Come! let's play!"

"Order something to drink," said a second.

"Don't count me in," said Stevenson, "as I don't care for anything."

"Oh, nonsense! That's part of the life. Do you think we're going to let you stay dry, and skin us while we're at a disadvantage? Man and manlike."

The gamblers laughed pleasantly.

Stevenson smiled uneasily but made no farther objection.

"Gentlemen," said Keeneyes, "how many cards are there in a pack?"

"Well," said one of the men, "please don't ask me. I'm busy. Go on and deal, Harlowe."

"Do you mean counting the joker?" asked Stevenson kindly.

"Oh," said Keeneyes, "no there is a joker, is there? Well, I saw the joke but I don't see what it was intended for."

The spokesman of the men looked up quickly. "What joke do you mean?" he asked in a loud voice.

"Why," said Keeneyes, "the ace of spades was played, and yet you held another ace of spades in your hand. I was looking at the reflection in the mirror and saw it."

The man's face was heavily clouded. "I don't know what you mean," he said savagely. "Your old mirrors is either cracked, or you are. If you mean to accuse me of foul play say so and take the consequences. Go ahead, Harlowe, and deal the cards."

"I'll not deal the cards," said the man addressed as Harlowe, "until this man says out plainly. Mr. Zellers, explain your words."

Stevenson interposed. "Gentlemen, he meant no reflection."

"I did not," Keeneyes assured them: "it was merely the reflection of the mirror."

Stevenson added, "My friend Zellers is not a player, and doesn't know what his words may imply."

"Well, I'll deal," said Harlowe, "but if anybody impeaches my character as an honest man——"

"My dear sir," cried Keeneyes, "if I had a dishonest man——" he made a gesture, surpassing naive I should not hesitate an instant to point out to you."

Harlowe grinned in spite of himself, and the leader of the men laughed openly. The game began.

It had not progressed far when the room was suddenly startled by a heavy revolver shriek.

A tall emaciated youth with livid cheeks and drawn features rose from a distant table, cast his arms above his head and cried, "I'm ruined!"

Suddenly he snatched a long knife from his bosom and raised it to his throat.

The proprietor was upon him before he could draw the blade across his throat.

Half a dozen men among them Keeneyes and Stevenson, sprang to the spot.

The rest of the room continued playing.

"Has he killed himself?" faltered Stevenson.

"Nonsense!" retorted the proprietor. "Just a few drops of blood spilt."

"Throw him out, you fool, gentlemen," shouted Harlowe from his table. "Take him out here. I don't want to have a suicide thrust in the midst of our game!"

The young man who had escaped only in scratching the skin, was half-dragged, half-pushed out of the room.

Keeneyes resumed his seat at the cards, but his hand was unsteady. "What do you say to quitting?" he suggested.

"Nonsense," retorted Harlowe. "You weren't to see life, well, that's a part of it, but we have nothing to do with it. Deal, unpleasant, of course, but no need of our quitting on account of the misconduct of that idiot."

"But really," said Stevenson. "I don't feel like playing."

Harlowe drank and got to feeling like it. You surely won't desert us after winning the earth?"

Stevenson drank.

The game continued.

When Stevenson and the detective left the resort, the young man was triumphant. Keeneyes merely remarked as formerly, "What a chance."

The next night Keeneyes offered to take Stevenson to a roof-garden.

"Thank you," said Stevenson, "but the fellows expect me to come and give them a chance to make back their money."

The next night, Stevenson made the same objection, and accompanied his companions to an electric theater.

"Now," said Keeneyes, "I suppose so."

"And wouldn't any other form of entertainment seem deadly dull?"

"Yes, that's a fact."

"Shall you gamble before you came to Chicago?"

"Oh, come," said Stevenson, "don't call it gambling. I've played cards, and I've had a little contest of skill and luck. Well, no, in fact I never very little about cards before I came on this vacation. But it's amazing how fast I learn."

"Indeed," said Keeneyes gravely, "I have uttered a little friendly warning about them from time to time, but I shall not annoy you with advice. I love to see a man himself, and you may be sure I shall not try to make you conform to my standards. Be yourself, Stevenson, by all means."

Stevenson passed his hand over his brow. "I do not feel that I am myself," he said slowly; "but, Zellers, I HAVE to play!"

"Whenever you want to get out of it, call on me; I can help you from playing," said Keeneyes with a smile.

But I—but in fact,—I don't want to keep from it," said Stevenson.

Keeneyes went no more to the gambling parlors with Stevenson, but he saw a good deal of the young man during the day. Stevenson was not winning now at every game, but he usually was able to make back his losses, so still kept ahead. In the mornings he was rather heavy and despondent, and he began to drink regularly to steady his nerves.

One Sunday afternoon Keeneyes said to him, "Shall we go out to the park this evening, Stevenson?"

"Well," said Stevenson apologetically, "you know the boys expect——"

The feverish light in his eyes indicated

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hat he found it difficult to wait for the darkness that he might rest himself at the fascinating cards. He had grown to love the very feel of the cards, the soft sounds of the gaming-table, the sparkle of the lights in the mirrors, the smell of the close room with its sickly sweet flowers and perfumed handkerchiefs.

"But my dear fellow," Keeneyes remonstrated in pretended surprise, "you don't mean to gamble with those fellows on Sunday night, do you?"

"Oh, is this Sunday?" said Stevenson, somewhat dazed. "You see, Zeller, in real life, one loses track of days of the week. But just as soon as those fellows win back what they won off of them, I'm going to quit, honest I am."

Keeneyes smiled and asked no more.

On the following morning at nine o'clock, Keeneyes stepped out of Grime's Rooming House.

Every day at exactly nine, the man Ed Bump had according to Keeneyes' direction, paussed for orders upon the front steps.

Not once during all this time had Keeneyes spoken a word to his employee. The days' orders were regularly given by mail although the two men lodged in the same house.

No one could have suspected that Keeneyes and Ed Bump had ever met.

On the particular morning, as Keeneyes issued from the front door, he found Bump awaiting the usual letter at his post.

He looked more than usually disreputable for he had been spending his money to the last penny. He had come too easily for appreciation.

"Good morning," said Keeneyes pleasantly. "I believe we have never met, sir, yet we occupy the same lodging-house. I have seen you several times."

Ed Bump grinned with appreciation.

Keeneyes lowered his voice.

"The time has come for me to ask for your assistance," he said rapidly. "You meet me at ten o'clock at this address—" He slipped a piece of paper into the other's hand and continued. "There, I will explain; but here, we are strangers. I have been paying you two dollars per day for doing nothing. I shall raise your wages if you do something as creditable for me as you do nothing for yourself. Do not follow, now, but be punctual at ten."

CHAPTER IX.

THAT WOMAN IN THE CASE.

The address which Keeneyes had handed Ed Bump was simply the intersection of two streets.

Punctuality at ten o'clock Keeneyes appeared at the corner.

At the same time, Ed Bump came into sight.

The detective was pleased.

"Let us saunter," said Keeneyes, "and as we saunter, I will explain what I want you to do. There is a woman in this city called Lizzie Blair."

"Miss or Mrs.?" inquired Ed Bump.

"Either," said Keeneyes. "You will go to this woman and tell her that a gentleman—I am the gentleman, mark you,—has a proposition to lay before her which will mean a good deal of money to her, and a life of ease and freedom from worry; for you are to understand that her comforts never worries her. She will want to know where the gentleman is. You will not tell her where I am lodging; you will simply say that he desires to meet her at the Washington Pagoda, this evening at eight; that he knows her by sight, and will have no trouble in picking her out in the crowd. You understand?"

"It's easy," said Ed Bump. But supposin' she won't come."

"Let us not not suppose impossibilities," said Keeneyes in mild reproof.

"And is that all?"

"Only that you also be at the Washington Pagoda at eight this evening. You will see us sat ourselves apart and engage in animated conversation. You will keep yourself within call."

"Why?"

"Because that is part of your job."

"And that is all?"

"I shall doubtless ask you to help this woman fit up some rooms. You will work under her direction. But that will come later. I promise you not to make you disagreeable. I trust you do not feel that I am overcrowding you with labor," Keeneyes added politely.

"Oh, that's all right," Ed Bump returned magnanimously, "I don't mind."

They parted.

Keeneyes went back to the Grime's Rooming House where he did not see Stevenson till late in the afternoon. Then the young man appeared pale and nervous. He had come home very late the night before.

"My dear fellow," said Keeneyes, "I am sorry to see you working rather hard at this business of seeing real life. Do you not think the best cure for your vacation, spent on some quiet farm, would build you up?"

"Zeller," said Stevenson, "you are a real friend to me; the only friend, I sometimes think, that I have in this city. But I can't go away just yet. Not just yet."

"Still carring all the money in sight, hey?"

"Well, no," said Stevenson, "I lost last night, and lost miserably."

"But in that case, you're under no obligation to continue at the sport."

"Do you want me to make it back."

"Ah," said Keeneyes with a cruel smile; "you will not make it back. It depends on whether you lose, you have the devil's cells about you."

Stevenson laughed without mirth. "I take no offense," he said; "I know you mean it for my good. Come and drink with me."

"No," said Keeneyes.

"I am not myself, these days, unless I have a little on board," said Stevenson. "Queer how one's views of such things change. Do you know I used to think that the life I'm leading isn't respectable."

"And now you think it is, Stevenson?"

"It's a man's life," said Stevenson, "and I'll go drink a bracer so I will feel more like a man than I do at this minute."

"I'll go with you to the saloon door,"

Watson was trying to appear there by accident.

said Keeneyes, rising from the stone steps of the lodging house. "But at the pace you are going, old man, you ought to have a diamond necklace to back you. By the way, I took a peep into the parlors last night."

"I didn't see you," said Stevenson, hastening his steps feverishly toward the saloon.

"Of course not. You wouldn't have seen an angel at that hour; not that I mean to draw comparisons to complimentary to myself. By the way, who was that remarkably handsome woman sitting with your party?"

"She is a cousin of Harlowe's, I believe. Yes I thought her a fine looker."

"Does she gamble, too?"

Stevenson laughed, "Once Harlowe let per take his hand, just for fun, you know. She is the timidest little creature you ever saw and as diffident about making her play!"

"Doesn't understand the game, hey?"

"Well, I began to lose when she began to play," Stevenson smiled. "The fact is, you know a fellow can't keep all his mind on the cards when a face like that is just across the table. Here we are. You won't take a drink?"

"I don't drink, Stevenson. Good morning."

Stevenson entered the saloon and was presently feeling like a man.

That evening Stevenson went back to the gaming parlors.

Keeneyes repaired to the Washington Pagoda.

He found himself in a gay crowd. The band was playing; glasses rang.

Among the frequenters of the resort was girl of nineteen or twenty, strikingly pretty and noticeably dressed.

It was the woman Keeneyes sought. He approached her.

"Is this Lizzie Blair?" he asked abruptly.

"Are you Mr. Zellers?"

"Yes; I sent my man to your place to make this appointment. Shall we draw aside to the ferns and discuss the proposition?"

"All right," said the girl promptly. They seated themselves.

"The man said there is money in it," observed Lizzie Blair.

"Just so."

"Well, money is what I want. What do you want?"

"I will explain. There is in the city a young man from the country who is trying to find out what real life is."

"He is a fool to want to know."

"Certainly he is a fool, or I should have no use for you."

"Oh, thank you," laughed Lizzie Blair. "He is a farmer, unused to city life."

"And he is getting used to it."

"He is getting to be a rake, whisky and women."

"Well," said the girl, "that is real life. What some people call respectability is all sham. Everybody is alike."

"The young man of whom I speak," pursued Keeneyes, "is losing his money. It will not be long at his pace, before he loses all he possesses. It is at that reckless stage when a fellow doesn't care."

"Good for him," said Lizzie; "I'm there myself."

"Just so. Therefore you two can meet on a level."

"So he wants to meet me, does he?"

"Oh, he doesn't know of your existence. I want you to meet him."

"And why?"

"You have been to Wearystop, Illinois, madam?"

"Beastly hole," said Lizzie.

"If I remember, the citizens threatened to drive you out of town, did they not, madam?"

"Sanctimonious old Pharisees!" flashed the girl.

"Do you remember the last day of your sojourn at Wearystop, crossing a muddy street and being saved from falling into a mud-puddle by the gallant arm of a handsome young man?"

"Say!" cried Lizzie, "that, sure, was the prettiest boy I ever saw in my life. But la! how he did hate to touch me. He held me up as gingerly as if he thought I might stick him. I sorter clung to him, you know, nestling-like; it just made me laugh."

"Well," said Keeneyes, "that's the young man I want you to meet."

"Meet him?"

"As I told you, Stevenson is losing his money here, and his money along with them. He's in with sharpers and bleeders. You see? He's going in for the society of ladies. Well, you see? You might as well have what's coming as anybody else, hadn't you? If he's fool enough to throw away his fortune, hadn't you as well have it as anybody?"

"Sure. But how'll I get it?"

"Make friends with him. Get him in with a gang of your own. Persuade him that his crowd are fleecing him—are cheating him at every turn."

"Do you think he's that easy?"

"I tell you he's a babe in the woods."

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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A man's conscience troubles him less than the fear of being caught at it.

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True politeness springs from a feeling of respect partly for self and partly for the person or persons toward whom the politeness is so manifested. The monkey-tricks of the "gallant" fop have nothing whatever in common with the politeness of which we speak. There are the pinchbeck, the glittering but valueless imitation, while the solid gold of a genuine heartiness, the gleaming of the true metal which lies beneath, and itself makes the touch of which the outward politeness is only the sheen. When a true man acts politely, it is simply because he feels the necessity of politeness. Politeness does not consist in the intentional or even conscious observance of any code of conduct or nicety-measured. A polite man—we should say will—be polite without in the least degree aiming to be so, or even being aware that he is. His acts are timely and self-possessed, his restraint is intelligent and discriminating. He consults the feelings of others, and he does so for and with them; and thus it comes to pass that his intercourse is characterized by a thousand and one delicate seeming attentions which are not merely gracious in themselves, but tend to call out the grace from others as they win their regard while beautifying the instinct of true politeness in those around.

In the daily experience of social relations there is nothing more admirable than genuine politeness. It smooths out the creases and rubs off the asperities of life, it renders the discharge of duty easier than it would otherwise be by reducing the number of occasions of friction to which it gives rise all exposed, and which we unwittingly inflict on each other, by the bruskness that those who have grown weary of the mere politeness in their dealing with their neighbors are only too ready to take on or affect.

Politeness is less an act made on others as of self. A gentleman does not think out for himself, or learn a special line of conduct. He does not worry himself as others to determine "what ought" to be done or left undone in a particular combination of circumstances. He simply acts as that which his nature prompts him to do, and it is unfailingly the right thing at the right moment. The gentleman, or "gentility," as we call it, exists in his own being and character. He can no more err as to conduct than a well-bred dog can bark as a cur. So is it with politeness. The manners we call politeness are the natural and unconscious expressions of a quality which is proper to the individual. A polite man is polite to everybody. If he be more polite to some than to others, that is not because he tries to be so, but because he thinks more of those who are the objects of his best behavior; and, having them especially before his mind, they, as a matter of course, become the objects of a concentrated courtesy.

A ROMANCE OF THE MILLS,

OR

THE HONOR OF LABOR.

By EDNA I. TYLER.

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Begun in No. 36, Sept. 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXI.

REUNITED.

A sudden recollection of the loom that might be receiving destruction to the new pattern, so long unwatched, brought both to their senses.

"The pattern!" exclaimed Imelda. "'Twill be ruined!"

Lorion stepped quickly to the loom, throwing the lever and stopping the machine. A hasty examination showed that no harm had come to the fabric, and a handsome spray of lilies of the valley stood out in regular form, as a blending of love seen.

"Bless the Lord for that," smiled Lorion.

Then he clasped the young girl closely to him and for a minute or two thought was heard in this private weave-room save the sound of kisses and smothered exclamations of "darling," "sweetheart," "my own dear heart," and all similar words that so naturally occur to long-estranged lovers. There was no time for mutual explanations, which could be made later, as pledged themselves to give to the other at the first favorable opportunity. But the work of both the superintendent and weaver had to be done. Mills and mill-owners do not wait for the leisure of love and lovers, and so, with many a blushing glance of delight, as sweet and exciting as the smiles, Imelda withdrew herself from the encircling arms.

Pressing a final, long kiss of the lover upon her trembling lips, Lorion said:

"By-by, darling. I'll see you in the noon," and left the room to attend to his duties, while Imelda gave her whole attention to hers.

How long the morning seemed. Would noon never come? Such thrilling quick and sparkling eyes, Lorion joined Imelda.

Dinner had not been served. Imelda, at Lorion's suggestion, they repaired to a little restaurant near by, where they could pray eating, and could be by each other's eyes, occasionally pressing hands softly, for when they were out of sight.

Their noon-time was short; yet—they considered the thrilling meeting of hearts allowed them an immense amount of explanations. The restaurant-keeper chuckled to himself at the "spooney" and delicious bill handed him.—Lorion forgetting in his happiness that Imelda's check could due him—as they walked forth from the place. The food served almost made a half-cup of tea and cracker being the amount Imelda had taken, while a glass of water had satisfied the appetite of the young man.

"Jake, set dot wittles away," muttered the owner; "dose two don't much eats. Ach, mein Himmel—dere pe's some oder beebles. I vil pe in bocked about tree telme."

He hustled the viands from the table, counted them there. Little acts are liable to appear a moment afterward, and set them before the hungry customers, who had a scrap of food behind them when they departed.

Lorion glanced at his watch, and the young couple quickened their pace.—They entered the mill seeming after the last whistle was sounding. A rush for the entry and they separated, with a last tenderness door closed behind them,—after that time, all operatives would be fined.

The week flew by, and Imelda was a girl was proving herself a jewel, and Mr. Ingraham, felt that he had made a mistake in summoning this weaver from Louisville.

"Mighty fine work you're turning out such work as that one has done, in a strange place, with a new machine, new pattern, and—so young, too?" he remarked, as he carefully scrutinized every thread of the new pattern.

"I reckon I have," Imelda simply said of some of the last patterns turned out in the other mills. "I'm a doggoned fine judge of work, and it takes all the our regular designers have ever turned out. That new superintendent is a handy, no mistake."

With a feeling of pride, the owner walked away, his face full of smiles and a smile of satisfaction on his lips, just as Lorion passed through the office to begin his afternoon work.

"Great piece of work, that, superintendent," said Mr. Ingraham, "I bet that design will knock spots out of anything the neighbors have got. Eh?"

"It certainly will" smiled Lorion.

"By the way, Hadley," said Mr. Ingraham, after a slight pause, "I have been making a purchase. I don't know but I've made more than I intended to, now, but I reckon not—at least it is 'done did' as the colored brethren say,—and I'm in it all over."

The superintendent looked at his employer inquiringly, but waited for him to speak.

"I have purchased a mill," continued Mr. Ingraham, thoughtfully, "and I have decided to manufacture my new fabric in that mill, exclusively. I have considered the matter from all standpoints, and am getting to send some of my best help there. I have noticed your discipline, the kindness with which you treat the under-help, the firmness with which you manage the operatives, and the uniform courtesy and respect they all accord you.—Whereas with the former superintendent, he was cordially detested by one and all—from the lowest spindler to the head of the concern—myself. He was a good workman, though, and I hesitated about parting with him. You are just the man I am looking for to manage the new mill."

Lorion was pleased with the prospect, but he made no sign. Here was a chance to earn sufficient money to marry and take his sweetheart from the mill, placing her in a home such as she was used to grace, and his eyes sparkled at the thought.

"I thank you, sir, for your kindness," said he, "I shall be glad to accept your offer."

"You haven't asked where the mill is, or anything about the wages," exclaimed Mr. Ingraham, in a tone of surprise. "Aren't you a little indifferent to know where you are to go?"

"I was just about to ask the question, sir," replied Lorion.

"I bought the mill of Henderson & Brown, at Louisville, Ky. Perhaps you wouldn't care to go so far as that."

Lorion could not restrain an exclamation of astonishment.

"That is nothing. I was overseer a few months ago!" said he. "The fines and oppressions of which were so severe that the Union declared a strike, the mill was closed for a long time, and I went with the strikers. We had a hard struggle for the poor operatives, for the combination proved strong and hard, and at last, one by one, they straggled back. I left the city, and expected to secure a position elsewhere, but the yellow fever broke out in epidemic, and I was stricken down with it, and taken to the hospital, where I lay close to death. Even when I was convalescent I was quarantined for several days and—about that time, I received a letter purporting to come from Miss Imelda Kline, signed by my love, saying she had yielded to the importunities of her parents and the party named, and had decided to wed a man whom I believed a scoundrel. I was requested not to reply, as it would only make things more uncomfortable. My brain was not exactly steady, and I swallowed the whole baked up story, and as soon as the authorities would permit, left Memphis, leaving no address. I came here, and you know the rest,—save that my love never was Imelda Kline's. Even when I thought my heart I have so long believed unfaithful. We are the victims of a system that many weary months, we have had mutual explanations, and God grant that the sun of happiness I have raised to my lips to-day may never be dashed aside. It is the sweetest I have ever drank, save for bright Imelda and I will go to a minister, and be made one before the world, and whether meddlers nor fish-stories can ever separate us again."

Mr. Ingraham grasped the hand of his young employee, and gave it so hearty a shake that it almost numbed Lorion.

"Good for you, my boy!" he exclaimed. "I like your spunk, and I like your style—by-way,—as also three other operatives whom you may pick out. Use your own judgment in the matter. Go to Louisville now, or the wife and sister will be so filled with happiness that they will be no place for their food. I'll see you later and we'll settle all the necessary arrangements."

The owner hurried away, a good-natured smile resting on his genial face, as he thought of the pleasure he was about to this young couple, so rudely separated,—but which he deemed completely overjoyed over his considered new arrangement.

"Good thing for Hadley; fine thing for me," he muttered, as more than the heavy horn apprised the mill hands that the noonday intermission was at an end. "Couldn't once more the lovers met; this time to walk home from the boarding-house.

"Never mind any particular style, darling," whispered Lorion as he left her at the door, "I'll call for you after we get home."

At eight o'clock, a carriage halted before the premises of Imelda and Lorion sprang out. A sharp ring of the bell, a short wait in the parlor, and Imelda and her lover were in the carriage and were driven to the home of Mrs. Goodman. When they emerged, Imelda King had become Imelda Hadley—they were married.

"Now, we'll go back and tell the boarding-mistress," said Lorion. "Won't she be surprised?"

"What a night to be married! Has been consummated in so little a time? Well, I declare!"

"Whoa!" came the sudden, sharp call, as the horses were pulled up. The driver's exclamation was immediately followed by a scream and heavy thud, as a body struck the pavement with crushing force, directly in front of the prancing span.

"Why, it's a woman!" cried Lorion, pushing open the door and leaping to the ground, he hastened to the object lying motionless.

A crowd was gathering.

"What's the matter here?" demanded an officer, approaching the group.

"I can't tell you sir," respectfully answered Lorion.

"Well, I can," volunteered a woman. "This man has been drinking hard all day. I've seen him staggering around and just now he pitched outer the winder up in the fourth story of that flat. He would have fell outer the sidewalk only he struck on a awning over the store front, and bounced

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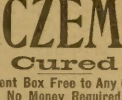

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off into the street. I seen it all!"—the last with an air of important triumph that seemed to irritate the guardian of the peace, for he replied mirthfully:

"Aw, you're tickled nigh to death about it, I suppose."

The body was turned over, revealing a countenance that sent a thrill of horror through our young lover. It was a familiar face—that of George Barton,—pale in death, with purple streaks here and there, mute witnesses of recent debauchery.

"What is it, Lorlon?" questioned Imelda. "Nothing that you should see, dearest," he replied in a whisper. "It is an intoxicated man who has fallen from a window. It is—George Barton! He is dead!"

The following day all that remained of the once fellow-workman was laid in his last resting place. There were no mourners, but he was given burial, and the bills were presented to Lorion Hadley, who paid them, saying,

"Poor fellow, he has gone before his Maker, who shall judge him!"

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

New machinery had been installed in the old Hendricks & Brown mill, which had been re-christened and was to be known as the "Home of the Valley Maple Co." Lorion had written to some of his friends and the opening of the mills was eagerly looked forward to by the former help, who were tolerably sure of being retained by the new owner, for he spoke of the old superintendent Hadley, a hope that was destined to be fulfilled.

Lorion forwarded an epistle to Mercy, enclosing a check for one thousand dollars, with a request that she should secure furnished apartments in a nice quarter, as well as purchase suitable attire for herself and for poor, old Martha Peters, and to issue invitations to their many friends of the mill for the reception to be tendered upon the return of himself and his bride.

"This is a surprise, indeed, to Imelda," he wrote. "I am quite unable to give directions in such a matter, for I fear your woman's wit must be a substitute for a man's knowledge. I am a success in the mills, and our wedding was quite an out-of-date matter,—at the parson's house, you know, with only the solemn number of witnesses to insure me that I had made my darling all my own. Now we can and all, and be sure that Martha Peters has one of the very first rides, so hungry I wish she'd eat our friends to be happy with me."

What a commotion there was when that letter arrived! Its destination and Mercy, elated with a consumption of such importance claimed the assistance of the two girls who had been Imelda's friends, Mollie and Carrie Jennie Harrington, for her surprise, that Martha Peters' sound sense was an aid in the multitude of details to be remembered and arranged. Besides, Martha was a deft seamstress, and had long been a dressmaker, and her taste in the matter of dress was unexceptional. It was her hand that fashioned the tasteful costume in which Mercy was to appear at the reception.

It was accomplished at last, and the flat in perfect order for the occupation of the young couple, and decorated for the occasion.

When the whistle announced the coming of the ten o'clock train from Nashville a crowd had gathered at the station to welcome the bride and groom. There was puff, puff and with slowing speed the lone line steamed into the station and came to a halt.

"There they are!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah-ah!"

Lorion hardly were outstretched as the couple alighted, there was a babel of voices in congratulations and handshakings, and between smiles and tears and words of greeting the couple was hurried to the cab that had been bespoken by their friends, and they were driven away to their home where Mercy and Martha Peters awaited them.

"Oh, how charming! How happy we shall be in our home—all our own, Lorion and you also,"—for he had said that our home shall flyways be your own, dear," exclaimed the bride, as she kissed her husband fondly. "Nothing is nothing left to complete our happiness."

"Nothing," assented Mercy, in tremulous tones. "You have won a noble husband, Imelda, and your happiness is assured."

"For us love would sweeten the most humble home, but this is beautiful," returned Lorion, the tears springing to her eyes.

"You must be very tired," Martha said. "Let me take off your wraps. I've a nice luncheon waiting in the dining room. Have something to eat, then you must have a few hours' rest, and you will be ready to greet your company."

"Company? Are we to have company?" asked Imelda, her eyes opened wide.

"I took the liberty—" began Mercy.

"At my request," interrupted Lorion. "Perhaps I made a mistake, but we are to have a reception. Only your old friends are invited, and I thought you would be pleased to meet them—it will not be a late supper, but an old-fashioned tea-drink-ing. You will not be called upon to exert yourself, dearest, for you are too much wearied. Have I done right?"

"Of course you have. I am pleased that you have planned such a pleasant surprise. I was only surprised, that is all," laughed the bride.

Half an hour was spent in pleasant chat around the lunch-table, but Imelda could not be induced to lie down for a rest until she had made a tour of inspection, and many were the exclamations of approval as she found one after another of the pretty trinkets that Mercy had added to the rather scant amount of bric-a-brac that had been heirlooms and adorned the old home.

Here and there was an easy chair, inviting rest within the puffy arms. Under the direction of a competent musician a piano had been chosen, and the old china that had been Imelda mother's was ranged within the china-closet beside the new set that Martha had selected. A canary sang blithely in his handsome bronzed cage swinging beside the bay window in the airy sitting room.

The costumes arranged by Martha's practiced fingers claimed her especial attention. One of silver-gray for Mercy, one of silver brown, Martha's own.

"No more drudging in the mill for you, you old darling, you shall be my own especial lady and mistress in fact now," laughed Imelda. "I had no idea you had such perfect taste. What do you think of that, Lorion?" turning to her husband.

"Certainly. I'm no judge, but I should say that those are very well gotten up—isn't that a compliment? I am well pleased to find that our dear old friend will be able to find employment outside the mill, for I'm resolved that I think you will be quite able to keep her busy."

"Of course, I shall," laughed Imelda. "She shall have a room all to herself, and we will make her life happy," she continued as she wound her arms about the poor crippled woman's neck and kissed her affectionately.

An hour before the time appointed for the arrival of the guests the bride was ready for her toilet, and after Martha's hands she was arrayed with as much skill as had Mercy, and bade her come and admire ladies' maid.

"You are lovely, Martha, I shall be quite jealous lest some fashion leader may be stealing you from me."

"You are the mistress of the land could induce me to leave you," returned Martha, earnestly. "I'm not going to promise that you shall have them as long as these hands can fashion a garment."

Quite early according to the rules of fashion when the guests arrived, and Imelda stood between her husband and Mercy to receive the congratulations of her many friends.

"My! Isn't she lovely?" whispered Mollie Carter to her friend.

"Well, she's just that, she beats the upper-crust all hollow," returned Jennie Harrington, admiringly. "I've had a notion for Imelda in a swell dress and she'd be the handsomest girl in Louisville."

"She's got one now, bless her heart," returned Mollie. "Mercy asked me to go with her and get the goods, and we couldn't select a thing, when lo, and behold! Martha Peters comes to the front with a model I never so surprised in my life as I was when she pulled out that beautiful gray silk. It comes high, but one don't get a wedding dress but once in a lifetime, so I hadn't qualms," laughed Jennie.

"And wasn't you dumfounded when old Martha produced the goods?" asked Mollie.

"Imelda deserves all she has of good luck, for she is the best girl in the world," responded Mollie. "My, don't Lorion look happy? He's a handsome fellow, and proud of his wife."

Indeed he does—and ahun't we have a jolly time working under his for a superintendent? It won't be much like working for old Henderson and Brown."

"Not much, we're in luck," returned Mollie.

Neither wine or strong drink were offered to the guests, but delicious fruit and confectionery were supplemented by the ice-cold lemonade, and over a glass of the cooling beverage Lorion made his grateful "Success to the future employees at the Lillies of the Valley Mills."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GOLDEN SKEIN.

Lorion had been installed in his new position about a week, when a visit from his friend Morgan Worth, of Cincinnati, was announced.

The balmy breezes fluttered the white and gold mottled blossoms from the trees that lined the sidewalk, and formed a floral canopy and snowstorm on the piazza of the Hadley home, as Mr. Ingraham, accompanied by Lorion, ascended the long walk leading to the front entrance.

Mrs. Worth, as yet perhaps fifty, with hair arranged in little smooth puffs, and her graceful person attired in the finest of muslins of silver-gray, looked keenly at Lorion as she approached.

Her glance fell in the shade of a former beauty, her eyes were still lustrous, perhaps lighted by the flush that suffused her cheeks, in sharp contrast to the pallor of the face of the man who extended his visitors warmly. Imelda offering her white velvety hand, in welcome.

"I am glad you have come to call upon you, that she might thank you for the heroic act in which you saved her father's life, my dear," said Lorion raised his hand deprecatingly. "Nay, it was too modest. You didn't tell me half the kindness you bestowed upon my dear Monaca, but she has told me. And, John, the matter also has told me the rest of it."

"I'm more than pleased to meet Miss Worth," replied Lorion, "but I assure you she seems to have over-rated what I did for Mr. Hadley."

"Leave that part of it to Monaca," laughed Mr. Ingraham.

"How is Miss Imelda?"

"Very well," said Lorion, "if you will permit me to remind you."

"I came to see you upon a matter that is of the greatest interest to me," began the lady abruptly. "I wish to ask you concerning your parents, your birthplace. In short, I wish to know your history,"—but allow me to assure you that it is not from an idle spirit of curiosity."

"I have nothing to conceal," replied Lorion. "As you know, my name is Lorion Hadley."

"And had you a relative of the same name?" questioned Mrs. Worth, in a half-whisper.

"I was named for my father, Lorion Hadley."

"And your mother's name was—what?" questioned Miss Worth.

"Mercedes Campbell," returned Lorion. "And they married, where?"

"In St. Louis," he replied.

"And you resemble—"

"My father—I have his miniature, together with that of my mother, taken on their wedding day. You shall judge for yourself. I have worn this locket constantly since the death of my parents."

He placed the locket in her hand, the oval frame attached of a slender gold chain.

She examined the picture attentively, her face flushing and paling alternately, the tears welling to her eyes as she closed the locket and returned it to the young man.

"There can be no mistake," she said, in a tremulous voice. "It is a perfect likeness of the picture-image of the only man I ever loved—one who loved me truly until my

On the Go.

The president of the Central American country was much perturbed when he heard of the thirteenth retreat of his army.

"You look worried," ventured the correspondent.

"I am worried," sighed the president. "Those regiments are all great expenses to me. But that is not the worst of it."

"What more?"

"Why, the insurgents have the nerve to call them my 'running expenses.'"

Enthusiastic.

"I came very near making an awful break when George proposed last night," said the sweet girl graduate.

"How was that?" queried her fiend.

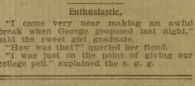
"I was just on the point of giving our college yell," explained the s. g. g.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. They will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

We Trust You

Lady Agents and Housekeepers



We want you to help further introduce our well-known "EVERYBODY" preparations. Our plan will enable you to easily earn $2.50 cash or choice of handsome premiums in a few hours. In addition you'll earn future commissions without effort and besides we give

FREE PREMIUMS

to your friends and customers. Let us send you $2.00 worth of quick-selling toilet preparations. Unless you can't sell ten dollars' worth don't buy, take a minute. Send no money but send for goods with full particulars of our plan.

Miller, Walker & Co., Dept. C, Chicago

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Goods. JAYBELLE CO., Dept. 39, PARSONS, Kansas

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Celebrated Morris 20 Passenger Self-Threading Pocket Knives. Write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., P. O. Box A Morris, Ill.

STARK Sold by Test—79 YEARS. We WANT HOME SALESMEN. PAY CASH Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

$1.00 AN HOUR Introduces Electric Combs, Brushes, and other Specialties. Write quick. M. C. C. HYDE, (42) Fort Pitt Block, Pittsburg, Pa.

THESE TWO RINGS FREE

Sold at Large Wholesale Jewelry Manufacturing and Watch Importing House of Chicago. Write for Premium Catalogue. Address Dept. 2

FREE to AGENTS

Write at once. First ship here will have a perfect Gem Cooker, Sample Outfit, 200 Quick Sale Exp. Prepaid. Steam Cookers, Milling Machines and Specialties. Dept. 6 HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, Chicago, Ill., or Buffalo, N. Y.

$3 a Day Sure Send no money unless you are willing to pay for it. You to make $3 a day sure, or the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we make you a present of the goods for your work, absolutely free. Write us at once. Do not delay. Address, Dept. 2027 Detroit, Mich.

USE OUR MONEY

We have $10,000,000 for last year. Credit Gift's 30 days' credit; deliver and collect before buying. Portraits, Rings, Frames, Silver Pictures, Big stereoscopes, Machines. Send any goods at present prices. Catalogue free. Write today. CONSOLIDATED ART & FRAME CO. 200-206 Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois

MEN WANTED Reliable men in every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising. Commission or salary $60 a month and expenses $2 a day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. We pay and your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. FRANK RENSHAW CORPAN, Leader, Centerville, Ohio.

MAKE MONEY EASY

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives with name, address, business or trade on handle. Big money for industrious.

AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH (We show you how.)

Big profits—quick shipments—steady territory. Write quick for our special offer to agents. Our new silk assortment knives are the greatest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET, CANTON, O.

AGENTS WANTED QUICK FARMERS STAND IT 8 TOOLS IN ONE

Hammer Hatchet Screw Driver Staple Puller Nail Claw Monkey Wrench Can Punch Pincher

Every Farmer Wants One at Sight

The first agent sent us will make $100 next year. We believe so. This is the best seller we ever saw. Write for terms and territory. Sample 25c. Extra discount to agents. J. E. Foote Dept. 10 Foley St. Fredericksburg, O.

The Great Agents Safety Horse.

Horse—We have tried the "Triple Grip" on other outfits and find it as represented. This advertiser is reliable.—Ed.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Mr. Tipperton—Aw, me good boy, I'll give you a dime if you'll drive that cur away. It annoys me own dog.

"Haw, haw! That's the trick! Tis a can to it! Tee, hee!

"Aw! Look out, I say! Hold hard! He's scooped me own dawg—

"Into the can! Stop! It's a cruel outrage!"

A FOOD CONVERT

Good Food the True Road to Health.

The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve dyspepsia, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to stimulants is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash increases his loss of power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man:

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an advertisement tried Grape-Nuts food, and, after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved.

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way.

"I retain Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonfuls at a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Strap Hanger's Holiday.

Three times the little Geary street car made the rounds and still one passenger held his seat, several others having swap between his lips, and each time the car turned he said another fare; but he never moved. The patience of the conductor was on his face.

Finally the patience of the conductor was exhausted. He tapped his head suggestively at a passenger and said to the man: "Where are you going?"

"No place."

"Why do you ride, then?"

"My friend," said the man impressively, "I have been walking the last few days. This is the first seat I have been able to get on a car. I thought I would keep it."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Migneter's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Vindication.

The old farmer was sitting on the fence clapping his freckled hands with glee.

"Why are you so happy?" asked the man who paints signs on barns.

"Why, be gum, one of them there pesky automobiles came rushing past here and run over two of my game chickens."

"That's a thing you'd be looking sour."

"Not me, stranger. Them thar game birds had steel spurs on them and the way they punctured them there tires was worth going a mile to see."

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Ulceration and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the ingredients. I will gladly show any suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hosford South Bend, Indiana.

Good for Either.

At this stage of the conversation the host produced a decanter and a small glass.

"I don't know whether you drink or not, Mr. Humphreys," he said, "but I am compelled to take a little for my chills."

"Why, no, Albert," said his wife, "you know you had your chills yesterday. You woke up with a fever this morning."

"That's so, Maria. I am taking it today, Mr. Humphreys, for my fever."

Considerate.

Mr. Youngbub—Did you bake this bread, darling?

Mrs. Youngbub—Yes, dear.

Mr. Youngbub—Well, please don't do anything like that again. You are entirely too light for such heavy work.

J°LLITY

"Say, ma. Baby cut his teeth, didn't he?"
"Yes, dear."
"Why can't he cut his hair, then?"

Cancerol, a Safe and Sure Treatment for Cancer.

No knife, burning plasters or painful injection. Cancerol has been successfully used where all other methods failed. Investigate for yourself—costs but a trifle. Write today for free book. Address Dr. L. T. Leach, Drawer 832, Indianapolis, Ind.

To Cure Snoring.

"At a banquet," said an editor, "I once heard Jerome K. Jerome make a speech on snoring. I remember that it ended with these words:

"'To cure snoring, it is advised that a piece of soap be dropped into the mouth of the snorer. The oil in the soap will lubricate the pharynx and other Latin parts of the throat. This remedy must be applied with a caution; otherwise the snorer will arise and lubricate the floor with the person who dropped in the soap.'"

Just Imagine!

Maj. Mash—I say, cunnel, would it be any advantage for a man to have eight eyes like a spider?

Col. Kentuck—I should say so, suh. I wouldn't mind having eight eyes myself.

Maj. Mash—You would like to have eight eyes?

Col. Kentuck—Yes, suh. Then I could take eight eye-openers every morning.

CURE FOR LIQUOR AND TOBACCO.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Address Kansas Anti-Liquor Society 15 Gray Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

Conscience Stricken.

"Uncle Marcus say his konshuns trouble him since he dun plead de church," remarked Aunt Matilda as she stopped hanging out clothes.

"It don't" replied her neighbor. "How do he show it?"

"In many ways, sistah. When he am plowin' he puts cotton in de mules' ears so they can't heah him sweahin' at dem."

Gasoline

Conger—I saw you in the great crowd as I swept by in my big racing machine. Did the people hold their breath?

Guyer—No, their noses. . .

Miss Oldun—I just paid $50 for a new set of teeth. How do you like them?

Miss Youngun—Oh, they look all right. But why didn't you call on Jones and get a full set inserted free?

Miss Oldun—Why, I didn't know Jones was a dentist.

Miss Youngun—He isn't, but he keeps a savage dog.

Matter of Choice.

"Women," growled old Baldwin, "have long hair because they are not yet civilized."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Baldwin, "if you call that head of yours, which reminds me of a quinine capsule, a product of civilization, I prefer to remain a savage."

Just Possible.

She—And do you believe that a woman always turns to the last page first when she picks up a book?

He—Well, I have no reason to doubt it. I know it is the nature of the fair sex to want the last word.

How She Surprised Him.

They have been engaged for fully thirty minutes by the cuckoo clock.

"I have a surprise in store for you, Alfred dear," she said. "I can cook as well as I can play the piano."

"That's being the case, darling," he replied, "it will be well for us to board."

Proof Positive.

Gyer—We certainly have ample proof that money talks.

Myer—Ample proof!

Gyer—Yes. Isn't there a woman's head on the greater part of our national coinage?

Mr. Winks (solemnly)—A noted physician says that deadly bacteria lurk in banknotes, and many diseases, especially small-pox, are spread that way.

Mrs. Winks—Mercy on us! Give me all you have, right off. I've been vaccinated, you know.

Good Impression.

Gunner—Bluffem certainly has a considerate wife. She collects all the expensive cigar-bands she can find.

Guyer—I don't see anything considerate in that? Does she waste her time decorating plates?

Gunner—No, she gives them to Bluffem and he sticks them around his stories. Then he makes the impression that he is smoking a 10-cent cigar.

True Kentuckian

"I hear you are going to Europe, colonel," said the Ohio man.

"Yes, sah," replied Col. Bluegrass, "I have arranged to start next week, sah."

"Aren't you afraid of being seasick?" queried the other.

"Oh, I expect to be seasick, sah," answered the colonel. "Watah never did agree with my stomach, sah."

Mitigating Circumstances.

Mrs. Homer—I see you have been granted a divorce. I'm so sorry your marriage did not turn out well.

Mrs. Gaylord—But it did.

Mrs. Homer—I beg pardon, but—"

Mrs. Gaylord—I got $1,000 a year allimony. Isn't that well enough?

Accounted For.

Myer—That man across the way is a glass eater at the dime museum.

Gyer—Huh! No wonder he has such an extensive bay window.

Important Part.

"Ah!" sighed the rich old widower, "I would willingly die for you."

"How soon?" queried the pretty but practical maid.

Perfectly Safe.

Kind Lady—Poor man! I'd give you a dime if I thought you wouldn't use it for the purpose of getting drunk.

The Hobo—Youse needn't worry, ma'am I can't git drunk on less'n er dollar an' thirty cents.

"Aren't you ashamed to come home intoxicated? You never know when you have enough."

"You're right. When I have enough I don't know anything."

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1907 model. Write for our special offer. 1907 Models **$10 to $27** with Coaster Brakes and Puncture-Proof Tires. 1905 & 1906 Models **$7 to $12** Best makes. **200 Second-Hand Wheels** All Makes and Models **$3 to $8** Great Factory Clearing Sale. We ship on Approval *without a cent deposit*, pay the freight and allow **TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL.** Coaster-Brake, Lamps, Sundries, etc., at half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogue and offers. **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. L, Chicago**

AGENTS your credit is good, sell 21 boxAmerican Native Herbs for 25c on commission, expense pack. P. F. MERCER, Columbus, O.

$40 .00 PER WEEK and expenses, to handle our new and fast selling household articles. ISRAEL RAND PUB. CO., Dept. 1, Chicago

$80 per month, expenses advanced. Men to travel, distribute circulars, post signs and leave samples. SAUBERS CO., Dept. S, Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO

AGENTS WANTED Sell 24 bottle Sarsaparilla for 25c; 2 in family; 1 cures. Costs 1c a dose. Sells for 50c. You make 24c. F. R. GERLIN, 20 Lake St., CHICAGO

EARLY AGENTS get the big Holiday Orders. Cut-price Christmas Books. 50c to $1 book, 25c; $1.50 to $2 book, 75c. Credit given. Outfit Free. Ferguson Co., HIGH FIVE, Cincinnati, Ohio

SELL TOBACCO and cigars, locally or traveling. Good pay and steady employment. Exclusive territory or side line. Good pay for salesmen. LOUISVILLE MISSOURI TOBACCO WORKS, Dept. H 11, DANVILLE, VA.

MEN, WOMEN or CHILDREN to sell New Line of CHRISTMAS books. Money Coining Prices. One post square time earning Big CHRISTMAS MONEY. Write for free outfit. C. H. STANARD CHRISTMAS CO., Dept. 11, Dallas, Tex.

$80 A MONTH Expenses advanced. Distribute circulars, tack signboards, travel and leave samples with merchants. Steady work. SALVO CO., Dept. 84-H, 17 Plymouth Pl., Chicago

$15 to $30 WEEKLY Guaranteed Men & Women Sell Watches, Jewelry and Silverware. Every $10 Watch free. Don't work cheap for anyone at home. Write today to LINCOLN WATCH CO., Dept. 1830, CHICAGO, ILL.

PICTURE AGENTS Large 24 x 30 Wall Pictures only 50c complete, sell for 25c each. 120 subjects. Send stamp for catalogue. Crayon Portraits 25c. Address PICTURE CO., Dept. B, WARSH, ILL.

$175 Per Month handling the SANITAS PICTURE SEPARATOR and other Dairy Supplies. Separates cream the instant from stream of milk as it flows from cow. Exclusive proposition. Address SANITAS DAIRY SUPPLY CO., Dept. 7, Postal Tel. Building, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS LEADER FOR 1906-7. A new and wonderful invention which you can sell to nearly every man you meet. Has not yet made from 150 to 300 per cent clear profit; a hundred per cent profit is common. Write at once for full particulars and we will send you a sample free. This is something that will surprise you. ALMON SUPPLY COMPANY, Department H, 1123 Fairfield Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

ACENTS SEND 10c. NOW for handsome sample German silver Pocket Knife. Big profits. Good chance to work spare moments for taking orders. We also want Sales Clerks and canvassing outfits. **The HART MFG. CO.** Dept. F, 120 Diamond Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WANTED YOUNG MEN

Firemen | Passenger Brakemen | Telegraphers
Electrician | Electric Motormen | Locomotive
Porter | Railway Mail Clerk | Engineering
Prepare yourself at home. Positions open in every state. Name position for sample lesson. **INTER RY. CORR. INST Dept. A, INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.**

$61.50 WEEKLY Introducing and Selling the **NEW GASLIGHT BURNER FOR KEROSENE LAMPS.**

No chimney, no smoke, no smell. Gives more light than gas or electricity. Big money for hustlers. Write quick for territory. SAMPLE FREE. Beware of imitations. No branch offices. LUTHER MFG. CO., 280 Chestnut, O.

Big Money—Easy Work

We make a liberal offer to agents. Write us quick and secure choice of territory.

TRANSPARENT HANDLE KNIVES Indestructible Pearl Handles. Will last 20 years and still place any photo, emblem or name under transparent handle. Send for full particulars and 25c sample. Exclusive territory to agents.

DAVIS CUTLERY CO., 1265 W. 19th Street, Davies, Ohio

$4.00 a day SURE Every worker will have at least $4.00 per day. Will pay you to investigate. Write today. Address PEASE MFG. CO. Dept. T Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS learn to fit glasses by mailing for our **Free Book** on the eye. It will tell you all about it. A book that pays you from $25.00 to $100.00 per month without fail, the optical profession will be overcrowded in a few years. Opticians or no opticians will be required. No longer necessary to work for some one at a salary when you can send for this valuable book. It costs you nothing and will start you right. Address at once or you will regret it. JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE, Dept. P, PACKSON, MICHIGAN

AGENT'S DIRECTORY!

We publish an Agent's Directory. We have been in the business for over ten years. Every issue while we publish an agents' directory containing names and addresses all over the United States. We send these directories to publishers, manufacturers and others who have agents to sell their goods, catalogues, and from these we get the names in the Directory. We will put your name and address in the next directory we get out. All we ask is that you send 10 cents to pay cost of printing, clerk hire and expenses. We also send you a copy of the directory. If you want lots of mail this is your chance. Write your name and address very plainly so our printers won't make any mistakes.

AGENT'S DIRECTORY Indiana, Penn.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

ALICE OF MARYLAND:

OR,

THE MOUNTAIN TEN.

By T. C. HARBAUGH, author of "Robespierre," "San Francisco Sorceress," etc.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 39, Sept. 29. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.

BACK TO THE MESHES.

Holding in his arms the form of the woman he loved, Keedy gazed long and anxiously into her face.

She did not respond to his fervent kisses for she seemed more dead than alive and at last Keedy bore her to a cot and laid her gently thereon.

A thousand wild thoughts flashed across his mind.

Was she the wife of Rufus Motter? Had she been wedded to him by the man who still stamped the paper book in his dead hands?

He dared not think of such, a thing and yet—

His brain almost whirled while he thought and at last he stepped back, for a slight noise had startled him.

At the window he saw the dark and grizzling face of Mother Grosnickle. It had all the malignancy of the evil one in its treacherous and triumphant look and Keedy involuntarily felt for the revolver at his hip, but that moment the face vanished with a wild laugh and the witch of the mountain was gone.

"Once her if she had remained another moment there would have been a sin on my soul," cursed the young mountaineer. "I trust we shall meet again, for great is the debt I have to settle with that spirit of evil."

Seeing with a glance that Alice had not come out of her swoon, Keedy ran to the spring and dipped up a bit of water.

He was turning with the tin vessel in his hands when he heard the unmistakable click of a rifle and the next moment he stood face to face with a giant figure in the starlight.

The man was not ten feet distant.

Keedy caught sight of the weapon that had been lifted to the man's shoulder, and halted.

"Just the man we want," came over the barrel of the leveled weapon.

The face of the speaker was cast in shadow, but the voice sounded startingly familiar.

"By what authority do you halt me?" demanded Keedy.

"By the authority of might," was the cool answer. "Know ye that, though the Yankees have gained the day, there is still law on this mountain? Empty your cup and come with me."

Keedy hesitated.

"Be quick about it, I say, or the buzzards will find you at daylight where you stand."

There was more than mere threat in the harsh tones that grated like the knell of doom on Keedy's ears and he hesitated no longer. The tin cup was left on a ledge at the spring and he approached the man.

"Are you of the Ten?" he asked.

"Aye, sir."

"You are not Tom Creager?"

"I am not."

Keedy leaned forward and exclaimed:

"I see! You are Marcus Flook, called at times Number Six."

"No guess now me, then?" laughed the other.

"I know you now."

"Then you know that I am of the Southern side whose brave men lie in the gorges down yonder. Yes, I am called Number Six. We can't let such as you escape us."

"Why, then, am I free?"

"In a why, Keedy, in a way. You will come with me. We will march straight down the road."

"But the girl in the house, yonder?"

"Oh, there's a girl down there, then?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"Alice Ford."

"She is safe to take care of herself."

"But you do not know." Keedy came still nearer. "You do not know how I left her. She was in a deep swoon."

"Just as though she would never come out of it."

"But she is in peril of her life. You do not know what has happened in that house."

"And precious little do we care," laughed Number Six. "We want you again."

"The Ten?"

"Of course—the Ten," growled the spy. "See here, Keedy, to be plain and explanatory, you have played Yankee long enough."

"I?"

"Yes. You rode over the mountain the other night, say six days ago, flanked Frederick and reached the Union army."

"What if I did?"

"Is that not enough to stamp you as a spy."

Keedy felt his blood surge hot through his veins.

"It was for the cause if I did such a thing," said he, looking Number Six steadily in the eyes.

"You carried a message through the Confederate lines. You stopped at Biddlemore and tried to pump the old man."

"And precious little news I got. Old Sam is the closest mouthed man in Middletown."

"To you people, yes," grinned the Confederate spy. "You got through with your message, eh?"

Keedy was silent.

Number Six came a step nearer with his hand on the trigger of his rifle.

"Do you know one Captain Bland?" he asked eagerly.

"Of which army?"

"Of the Blues."

"I have heard the name."

"Are you sure you never have?"

"Never."

"You haven't seen him in these parts within the last few days?"

"I have not."

"Then you haven't found the gold?"

Keedy started.

"What gold?" he queried.

"If you are really ignorant of Captain Bland's crime you might as well remain in ignorance. Come along now."

Wondering to what crime Number Six referred, Keedy placed himself in front of his captor and he was forced down the road at the point-blank range of the spy's rifle.

Alice was left behind to what perils he could only conjecture.

Ten minutes—ten minutes ended and Keedy was told to halt and throw up his hands.

He heard Number Six close behind him.

In the interval he evidently had received further orders.

If he was not to be atrociously murdered.

Suddenly a sharp whistle fell on his ears. It came from the man behind him and in an instant it was answered from the mountain side.

Then came a confusion of voices, half a dozen men sprang from the road and Keedy was told to turn and face with them.

"Here's the man," said Number Six with a wave of his hand. "Captain, I turn him over to you."

The person who stepped before Keedy leered into his face with the wickedness of the evil one.

It was old Tom Creager!

"Trapped again, my bird?" he laughed in the young mountaineer's face. "But for that gal o' mine you would not be here now."

Keedy looked, but did not speak.

"Get him in the center of ye, boys," commanded Tom to the band. "We can't let 'im git away again."

In the twinkling of an eye Keedy was surrounded and the men of the mountain started off with their captive.

Not a word was spoken, for the Union army still had their forces on the mountain and hurrid marches were absolute. Keedy fervently hoped they would run into one of these gangs.

But fate seemed against him, for presently he was forced from the main road into a bridle path that seemed the trail to doom.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MOUNTAIN RIVALS.

As for the beautiful girl left alone in the house on the mountain, she came out of her swoon slowly and with not a little bewilderment.

Her own home seemed strange to her.

At first she did not recognize the surroundings, but suddenly the stark form on the floor caught her eye and she sprang from the cot.

A glinting ray of moonlight fell across the face of the dead Confederate and Alice started back with a wild cry.

Captain Motter had brought back the last terrible scene she had passed through in that very chamber.

As she sprang from the dead man and reached the door her courage for a moment seemed to leave her, but pulling herself together by a supreme effort she gazed out into the night.

Something made a slight noise in the bushes near the gate, a figure rose above them and came toward Alice and stood still and watched it as it came toward her.

"Your Nance?" it cried, as the figure became familiar. "You here?"

"There was no reply, but the mountain girl rushed past Alice and entered the house.

"Shut the door!" she commanded.

Alice mechanically as she stared at Nance and saw her throw a quick glance at the dead Confederate.

In an instant her finger was pointing at the dead.

"Who did that?" she cried, with a quick look at Alice.

"It happened in the fight."

"A Union shot?"

"Yes."

"Who brought him here—of all places to your house?"

"He must have come hither himself after being wounded. He had life enough left for that."

"But the book in his hand?"

Alice answered with a perceptible shudder.

"It is a book of prayer," said she with a glance upward at Heaven.

"He took orders, did he not?"

"I have heard so."

With a strange gleam in her dark eyes, Nance crossed the floor and took the little volume from Captain Motter's hand.

"It is a prayer book," said she. "But see! It is open at the marriage ceremony."

Alice thought she would choke.

"I see! He married you to his brother Rufus."

"He did not!" cried Alice Ford. "It was his intention, but he did not conclude the ceremony."

"Why not?"

"Death came too soon."

"And thwarted him?"

"Yes."

"Then—"

The book of prayer fell from Nance's hands and in another moment her fingers had closed on Alice's wrist.

"Listen to me," she cried, her face losing every bit of color as the words leaped from her lips. "We must have it out some time. Why not here?"

"Have out what?" asked Alice.

"The drama we have been cast in," was the reply. "You love Harland Keedy?"

"Has one not the right to love whom she may?"

"Not always when another has a prior claim."

"Oh!"

Alice could not repress a smile at this. Color, the hue of deepening crimson, came suddenly back to Nance's cheeks. There was a wild glitter in beneath her long lids.

"I did not know—"

"You might have known," broke in Nance, impetuously, "Harland Keedy belongs to me!"

"Why to you?"

"I saved his life. I bought him with a price—the price was my outlawry by the Mountain Ten."

"He was in their hands, then?"

"He stood before my father's rifle. I rescued him and told him that I loved him."

"Well?"

"He laughed at my declaration."

"And you—"

"What could I do but tell me!" cried Nance, her hand lifting high in the air. "Nay, why did not have to tell me. His refusal to accept my love was answer enough. You had his heart. You robbed me of the only man I ever loved!"

Alice Ford half pitied the girl whose prisoner she was.

"I am sorry, Nance," she began, when a wave of dark hand of the mountain Cleopatra checked her.

"I will not accept the die is cast. The world is too small for both of us. It must revolve with but one of us to keep it company."

"Surely Harland—"

"Harland is his name! To hear it from your lips is poison. I will not listen to it."

Alice did not speak.

"You tell me that the dead man there did not get up from the mercy which he could have made you the wife of his brother."

"He did not. Death cut him off."

"Why did not the angel hold sheet of a little longer?" cried Tom Creager's daughter. "Was it fate?"

"Nay, it was death," said Alice.

"Where is Rufus Motter?"

"I cannot say. He carried me half-fainting from this house and I escaped from him."

"And came back here to have the final settlement with me?"

"I cannot say. It all lies with you, Nance."

"Aye, that it does," and the girl laughed. "The settlement shall be final!"

She dragged the half-fainting Alice across the room; her fingers seemed to sink almost to the bone and Alice felt her heart pound hard and fast as her face paled again.

"The world is now too small for both of us!" cried Nance, as she turned quickly and stared into her fair prisoner's face. "If you will give him up—"

"Think!" interrupted Alice, with rising courage, for she thought she girl had a soul. "Love is not lightly to be cast aside. You would not do so?"

"As I say, I would not!"

"Then, why ask the impossible of me?"

"You have not heard me say. By the God who rules in Heaven! you shall give him up or—"

Her hand turned cold at Alice's wrist.

"But I cannot, Nance," she pleaded. "I have given him all my love and my whole heart."

"Yet—"

The question was a hiss.

"It is true. As I live I cannot give him up. I have not broken my vows to him."

In another moment Nance Keedy Alice was free and she threw her hand still at her wrist.

"You mean you will not?"

"You would not if—"

"But you shall or you shall die here!"

Nance leaped to her beneath the folds of Nance's skirt something that had a sharp, glinting steel. The girl's hand was wound round the buckhorn hilt.

"The world is too small for both of us!" hissed Nance Creager.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FATHER'S CRIME.

"This world—too small for both of us!" These startling words sang from the lips of Nance Creager, sounded like the knell of doom to Alice Ford.

She caught the gleam of the knife which had flashed from its concealment beneath the girl's garment and her eyes emphasized her undying hatred.

They were alone in the little room Alice knew so well. The body of Captain Motter lay on the floor in full view and the moonlight that sifted through the panes revealed the confrontation.

What could Alice do?

That she was at the mercy of the mountain Cleopatra she well knew and there was no mercy in Nance's eyes.

Beg for mercy she would not, not even with her life in the balance.

Suddenly the uplifted hand of Tom Creager's child dropped to her side.

"I give you a chance," said she, her tone softening a bit. "I give you another chance, I say."

Alice breathed free again and took hope.

A chance! She did not look for that. And a chance meant that she must surrender Harland Keedy to her bitter rival.

"You are free," continued Nance as her grip loosened on Alice's wrist. "You can go, but you must give him up."

"What if I do not?"

Nance fell back a pace and looked her rival in the eye.

"Then there is bitter, endless war between

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us," she said. "It is the old passion that is never stilled. Do you know what they have done?"

She came closer to Alice and brushed hard while her face grew white again.

"They?"

"The Ten—the band my father leads."

"No."

"They have outlawed me. They have even set a price on my head because I thwarted them."

"When you saved him from their power?"

"Yes."

Alice held out her hands.

"You will find a friend in me!" she exclaimed. "I will stand by you in your battle against the doom decreed by the Ten."

"You!" laughed Nance, derisively. "You are as if I needed assistance!"

"But you may.

Nance thrust out her hands as though she would ward Alice off.

"I will fight them alone. If they think they have done with me by the decree of outlawry they will find what fools they are."

"But your father—"

"Let him beware!" and the dark eyes flashed as the old light returned. "Now we must separate. The man there! I will give him burial."

"With my help."

Nance stood undecided.

"Come, then," she said suddenly. "If you will help you shall."

The girl's rivals for the love of the same man, passed from the house and in a secluded spot where the trees stood thickly, made a grave with implements found on the premises.

The body of Captain Motter, wrapped in blankets, was lowered into the grave and the earth thrown heavily over it.

When the last clod had fallen upon the Confederate soldier, Nance turned upon Alice and clutched her fiercely on the shoulder.

"Good-bye! Remember!" said she.

Alice took her hand before she could withdraw it, and leaned forward with soft and pitying glance.

"We shall meet again," said she.

"If better may be," replied Nance. "Out for our tangled loves I could love you."

Alice did not reply.

"If he was not in our way——"

Nance paused impulsively and jerked her hand from Alice's grasp.

"Coward!" she exclaimed and in another moment Alice stood alone in the mountain wood.

She heard for a moment the fleeing footsteps of Nance Creager and then turned away.

Hardly had she taken two steps from the spot when the sharp, resonant crack of a rifle broke the stillness and she came to a dead halt.

The sound came from the direction in which Nance had disappeared and in another moment Alice was rushing down the hill.

With a cry of horror she stopped in front of a body lying across the road.

Her heart stood still in her throat, as it were.

"Nance! Nance!" she cried. "They shall suffer—I'll die!"

She lifted the form from the mingled dust and heaven's looked into the white face revealed by the moonlight.

There was a spot of blood on Nance's lips and another on her forehead.

"Who did this fiend's deed?" she asked slowly. "Vengeance shall be mine and it shall be shed!"

With almost superhuman strength she carried the inanimate body toward her own home.

Every now and then she looked into the cold face of Nance and tried to make out whether she was dead or alive.

All at once there sounded on her ears the voices of men and in another moment a dozen Union soldiers came in a straggling band in the road and stood before her.

"Hold!" one cried. "What's this?"

"You see," responded Alice, with another look at the deadly bearded face. "This is Nance Creager, shot by the Mountain Ten."

"Dash me if this is war!" said the spokesman of the party of five. "She's Joseph Reeder of the First Maryland, raised in the valley of Virginia yonder, and a better! ment——"

"Come, Joe, let us 'tend to the girl," interrupted another comrade and he assayed to take Nance from Alice, who drew back with a fierce cry.

"Better look for the villain who did this hellish deed," said she, "you'll find him somewhere back yonder."

"Come, then," cried Reeder. "If we find him, girl, he'll never shoot another bird like that."

Relieved of the presence of the soldiers, Alice bore Nance away and at last placed her on a cot in her own home.

Then the first time since the tragedy she discovered that the mountain guy breeches.

She at once fell to examining Nance's wound and found that the bullet had pierced her breast. While it was a bad wound, there was hope so long as life remained and Alice had Nance out of the deep trance and saw her eyes brighten again.

"I told you," said she, with her first thoughts. "The Ten wanted me."

Alice nodded and pushed back the dark locks struggled over Nance's face.

"We cannot be enemies, Nance," said she softly.

"But we must. I fear; we must be—"

A smile stole to Alice Ford's lips and vanished almost as quickly as it had come into being.

"I—save the man just before he fired, continued Nance. "It was my father!

"The fiend!" shuddered Alice, and then silence fell between the mountain rivals.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KEEDY'S MOONLIGHT SHOT.

Harland Keedy, once more in the clutches of the Mountain Ten, found himself in the shadow of doom.

He knew that his rescue by Nance had only heightened the hatred of Tom Creager and his men and that they had not the slightest notion of sparing his life.

When the band into whose hands Keedy had fallen reached a lonesome spot on the mountain backed by tall cliffs and fronted by a deep ravine after the fork of mountain path, it halted and old Tom waved his hand at the prisoner.

"The time has come!" he said.

Number Six, the spy fell back a pace and looked keenly.

Keedy, who had been left unbound as though the presence of the marauders was enough to prevent escape, glanced round and took in the gloomy situation.

He saw the grave before the feet of him, his rifle lying in the hollow of his arm and his face was aflame with passion.

"The gal got a-ta out o' the reach for last time!" cried the old mountaineer. "I came in the nick of time and I—I—I—"

A wild the rifle was suddenly taken from the hollow of the arm. "Now we'll carry out the sentence o' the Ten."

The other men fell quiet, leaving Tom Creager and his enemy face to face.

"You've gone an' made love ter my gal," hissed the old mountaineer. "I've filled her head with what some folks call love."

"Your child, you say!" broke in.

"Nance! She's been dreamin' about ye for months. Ye've turned her chicken head, ye have!

"She knows that it care not for her," said Keedy, "and I was in love—"

A bitter laugh rippled over the old man's lips.

"Think ye she'd mope as she does of that ain't authin'? She is a woman, an' you can't tell much erbout, that's a fact, but I've knowed my Nance ever since she war born!"

The young mountaineer did not answer.

"Ye fillin' her head with love's nonsense as well as fer bein' a Yankee spy, ye should die. O' course ye've made yer peace with yer Maker?"

"Better than you ever can," was the answer.

"Hear that, boys!" cried Tom with a glance at the shadowed faces. "He's a-goin' pokin' fun at me, eh? Intermates that I will never make my peace with ther Almighty."

There was a low murmur of assent from the group near by and Tom Creager deliberately cocked his weapon.

All at once Keedy brought all his muscles into play.

As the rifle rose slowly to old Tom's shoulder there was a quick leap forward, a hand clutched hold of the rough face and as he toppled backward Keedy, with the agility of a deer reached the edge of the cliff and plunged over!

There was a cry from the astonished men, a flutter of the fringe of the precipice and they dred down into the darkness in which Keedy had disappeared.

As for the young man who had taken the dread chance, he shot down, down, down to death at the bottom of the gorge, he fell headlong through a lot of bushes, struck a ledge of rock, rebounded and finally landing in the half-dried bed of a mountain creek.

How far he had fallen he did not know. He was aware of the sudden stopping, for he remembered no more until he awoke and as he rose to his feet his senses swam like mad.

"Better this than a bullet in the brain," he said, trying to shake off the encumbrance. "I'm worth two dead men yet. They'll look for me, will those human wildcats up yonder, but they'll have to have better eyes than they've got to find me."

He pushed down the ravine, stumbling at first over loose stones, but advancing steadily by degrees.

Now and then he would halt and listen. He caught the sounds of pursuit over the hills.

He kept on in the direction and ...ed then a rock, loosened by his pursuers, rolled to him.

"What's this!" he cried, as he suddenly drew back from an object over which he ...ly stumbled.

A path lay the body of a man and nearby another.

They were soldiers killed in the battle on the mountain above.

Their muskets lay near them and Keedy, with an exclamation of joy picked one up.

A brief inspection showed him that the weapon was loaded and, clutching it madly, he looked upward.

"I fate" said he, through set teeth, "that the mountain devils show themselves!"

Another rock rolled to his feet.

Keedy stepped back and tried to single out the man who had sent it down from above.

His blood suddenly leaped like a lava current through his veins.

There was a break in the wild tangle overhead. Keedy held his breath while his eyes ranged from the finger on the trigger of the Confederate musket.

About fifty feet above him, outlined against the moonlighted sky, stood a human figure almost gigantic in its proportions.

Every part of it was visible.

the long arms, the broad ... of the head and the pipe ...

one of his pursuers, one of the hated Mountain Ten he did not doubt.

The man was looking at the rock supposed to be sinking straight down into his face.

To be discovered now and shot the next instant thrilled the young mountaineer's nerves.

And what a target that lone man was!

"This way!" cried the man on the rock. The words came down to Keedy like a cycle blast. "I've just heard 'im down here. I could drop right upon his head."

"We've caught sight of another voice. "Ye can't see 'im yet, Marcus?"

Aye, Keedy knew the man on the rock now. It was Marcus Flook, or Number Six, the rebel spy.

Quickly the musket leaped to Keedy's shoulder. He stepped back for better aim, bringing his living target the better into view, and the following moment the musket spat its deadly flame.

There was a cry from above, the figure on the projecting rock threw up a pair of arms against the sky, tottered for an instant and then came bounding down through the undergrowth, falling from ledge to ledge like a boulder.

Keedy sprang out a harsh voice in another spot. "That's a musket from below. What did he get it?"

A grim smile passed over Keedy's face.

He jerked from one of the dead men a ... and strides box and started up the ...

His teeth were set and his eyes danced deep in their sockets.

"They shall pay for it if they corner me now!" he cried within himself. "I am ... against those men and I have the ... It is life for a life from now on."

Half a mile from the scene of the shooting Keedy paused and leaned against a rock.

He heard no sounds now. Perhaps the Ten had given over the chase. It would be well or them if they had, for a desperate man stood in the gorge with musket and thirty rounds of ball ready to sell his life at a terrible cost.

But they did not come on. Keedy wondered why.

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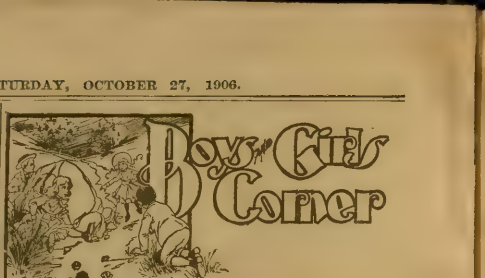

THE SON OF A SOLDIER;

Or

THE BROWN SATCHEL'S SECRET.

By J. M. MERRILL, author of "The Chums of Hickory Bend," etc.

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Begun in No. 40, Oct. 26. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.
MAJOR LOVELAND AGAIN.

The boy was shocked. He had not expected this, and for the time was at a loss to know what had overtaken the eccentric Ark. Soon, however, the mystery was explained. Near at hand lay a broken pine limb which had fallen from a great height. Mark knew this from the indentation in the ground.

It seemed that one end of this limb had felled the man to his death.

The boy glanced upward to where a dead pine top pierced the sky. It was from this a hanging limb had been hurled upon the unsuspecting man.

Mark detected the situation with a sinking heart. Since the man was dead, there was nothing to be done but to carry the body to the shanty across the lake, secure the door, and make his way to the Big Drive and report.

This was not such an easy matter to do, since Mark knew that which lay in the river. He lost no time in useless speculation, but lifted the dead form of Dronk Ark over the indentation in the ground.

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This was not such an easy matter to do, since Mark knew that which lay in the river. He lost no time in useless speculation, but lifted the dead form of Dronk Ark and staggered down to his canoe. Placing his burden in the bow of the boat, Mark hastily seized his paddle and pushed off.

On reaching the opposite shore, Mark lifted out his ghastly freight and bore it to the door of the fisherman's shanty. He dropped it in one corner and turned to quit the place.

And then he started back with a cry of surprise.

Confronting him in the doorway stood a hunchback boy carrying a rifle. Mark was glad enough to recognize in them Bluffland once more.

"Yes," said Dave Quilling, "it was I who shot at the ducks. I didn't expect to find you here. And, my goodness, what is the matter with Dronk Ark?"

"He is dead," said Mark, huskily.

"No!"

There was a ring of horror in the monosyllable.

"It is too true, poor chap," returned Mark. He then related his adventures, the hunchback listening with eyes full of interest, as of the nasal passages, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach, bowels and bladder, curing a large per cent. of catarrhal cases whether the disease affects the nasal passages, the throat, larynx, bronchia, stomach (as catarrhal dyspepsia), bowels (as chronic diarrhœa), bladder, ovaries or other pelvic organs. Even in the chronic or lingering cases of long standing, it is often successful in affecting cures.

Dave Quilling set his rifle against the wall and went to look at the dead man. He knelt and examined him carefully. The body was yet warm, and a faint color glowed in the thin cheeks.

"He isn't dead," said the elder boy.

"Are you sure he is not?" cried Mark excitedly. "Oh, pray heaven you may not be mistaken!"

There was no mistaking the earnestness of the speaker.

"You are very much interested in this old codger," said Dave.

"I am," admitted Mark. "He was in the army with my father. He told me about it, and I wished to question him further——"

"No doubt," broke in the hunchback with a sniff. "The old chap is crazy as a bedbug. Didn't you know that?"

"I knew he spoke right in his mind, but he was most sensible at times. I am sure he was not crazy."

"Very likely not." Dave got upon his feet and turned and walked outside. Mark followed. The two boys consulted.

"The best thing we can do is to carry the old man to the camp of the Big Drive," said Dave. "He may come out of this, and he may die. He is not dead yet, I am sure of that. My father is quite handy with sick folks; he was nurse in a hospital once. Even if Dronk should die, which is more than likely, his body can be better cared for there."

"Of course," agreed Mark. "Is it far to the drive?"

"Not over three miles. We ..... stretcher."

"That is what the boys did. ..... all saplings for arms. ..... couch for the wounded man.

Dronk was light, and the two boys found ..... They reached the drive in due time and Dronk Ark was placed on a bed in the cook's own room, under the low eaves.

Mr. Quilling made a thorough examination and decided that the chances were as one to ten that the injured man would live.

"I have examined his head," said Mr. Quilling, in speaking to Mark, "and find that he had an old wound on the skull. Wouldn't it prove a providence if he should not only get well, but regain his reason at the same time?"

"It would sure!" exclaimed Mark, who was elated at such a possibility.

Not everybody had accepted the strange man at the cabin as crazy. Mark had believed so from the first. While many declared that Dronk Ark was a natural born half-idiot, the cook and a few stood to the idea that he had met with an accident which had disordered an unusually bright man.

Mark's duties about the ark were not very onerous. He had time to look in upon the sick man frequently. Quilling proved gentle and capable nurse. Dronk Ark under his care improved, but slowly, however. He was soon able to take nourishment, but his pulse beat high, and his brain seemed consumed by fever.

Mark was very anxious. He watched and prayed. It shocked him to hear the rough drivers make sport of the sick man. Very few in that motley crew seemed to care whether Dronk Ark lived or died. Some there were who grumbled because the cook wasted his time doing little things in aid of the helpless stranger.

"Let him die," said big Dan Buntline. "He's only in the way."

"Quill hain't no call to neglect the rest on us to nurse that old fool," said Pete Sorenson, the manager of the dugouts.

Little wonder that Mark was shocked at such unfeeling remarks. Mr. Quilling paid no heed to the grumblings of the crew. He had a mind of his own and pursued a course that tallied with his sense of justice.

The drivers were making rapid progress. Each day the crew moved some miles down the stream. The ark moved also, and tied up at night not far from the quitting place of the log-drivers.

"Pain't everybody can have a floating palace in which to be sick," remarked Dave Quilling one day as he stood with his chum and Mark in the after living room of the ark.

"It isn't much of a palace to him," returned Mark.

"I can't bear to look at him," continued the cook. "How can you spend all your spare hours sitting in that fetid atmosphere, Mark Loring? I can't exist another hour myself, and die from it, see if you don't."

"No danger," said the younger boy. "The atmosphere is not bad. We have a window open all the time, and there is always a fresh breeze from the river."

"Which is always full of mosquitoes and malaria," said Dave.

"Not a grumbler you are, Dave," said Mark laughing.

"Do you think so? Well, I'll quit short off and say no more about you and your protégé. He's going to die anyway, and so you'll have all your trouble for nothing."

"There you go again, Dave."

"Beg your pardon, Markus. You're an unselfish mortal. If I and the rest had had your way that poor old man would have been dead a long time ago. I hope you may have your reward sometime and somewhere."

The hunchback was really serious at last. He was not, in fact, half as heartless as he pretended. Mark knew this and ..... [illegible] ..... if he felt that his ..... attention to the old man ..... [illegible] ..... had surmised, purely unsel-

"I am getting my reward as I go along," declared Mark. "This old man has interested me deeply. As I told you, he was in the army with the father I cannot remember.

"Pooh, do you believe that, Mark Eldon?"

"Well, all I can say is that you have credulity enough to stock a kindergarten. The old fellow seems to ..... [illegible] ..... similar to that of a dead soldier, he made the most of it."

"But how did he hear of the soldier, ... [illegible] ..... but how did he hear the name ..... [illegible] ..... lon, who has been dead four ..... I don't imagine you'll ..... him."

I did not, of course. Fact is I never heard of your captain father till very recently. It was from you or Marian at that I hasn't quarrel with you Mark. Shake, old chum, and say no more about it.

Dave Quilling offered his hand, and peace reigned once more in the Warsaw.

The next day at noon the Big Drive had a visitor in the person of Major Loveland. The manufacturer had an interest in some of the logs composing the drive and he came

up the river to look after them and ascertain how soon he might expect his logs at the boom.

The big man of Bluffland was accompanied by Eustace and Evelyn. The two had pleaded to be let come, and finally the Major had consented. The drive was more than a day's run from town and so they were compelled to halt for the night at one of the river towns. They and girl enjoyed the ride very much. Eustace was as full of egotism as ever, and kept his pretty cousin posted on everything new that came within range of their vision.

Mark avoided the big man, and kept pretty close in the stickroom.

Major Loveland stood talking with the cook after an hour's inspection of the drive. It was shortly after noon and Quilling was busy at his duties of dishing up.

Mark heard the cook mention the sick man and request Major Loveland to step in and see him. There was no chance for escape, as Mark stood up and nodded to the Major as he entered.

The manufacturer scarcely noticed Mark. His eyes were riveted on the sole cook among the pillows. He stood regarding that face as if he had seen a ghost. Mark was furtively watching Major Loveland.

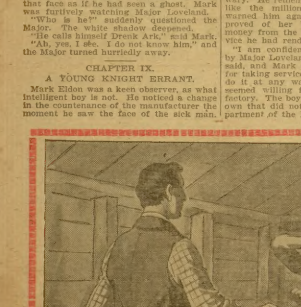
"Who is he?" suddenly questioned the Major. The white shadow deepened.

"He calls himself Dronk Ark," said Mark. "Ah, yes, I see. I do not know him," and the Major turned hurriedly away.

CHAPTER IX.

A YOUNG KNIGHT ERRANT.

Mark Eldon was a keen observer, as what intelligent boy is not. He noticed a change in the countenance of the manufacturer the moment he saw the face of the sick man.



A wild shriek rang out.

Although Major Loveland said he did not know the man, Mark was sure he had not meant it. Despite his assumption of cool indifference the boy could see that the sight of Dronk Ark's face had been a shock to the man of millions.

Now here was a mystery worth unlocking. What was this strange old man to the drive or to the highup Major Loveland? To solve this question was now the earnest desire of our young hero.

The Major looked into the room once more and called to Mark. The lad went to see what was wanted.

"I wish a few words with you, Mark," said the manufacturer, placing a hand familiarly on the boy's shoulder.

Major Loveland led the way from the float to the shore. Under the shade of the forest the Major halted and turned upon his companion.

"What are your duties here on the drive, Master Eldon?" bluntly inquired the manufacturer.

Mark informed him.

"The work is easy enough," concluded the boy, "and I like it."

"Then you are perfectly satisfied?"

"I can hardly say that."

"I thought so," with a faint laugh. "It must be pretty hard to have to wait upon that sick old chap. Most boys would kick over the traces at work of that kind."

"Would they?"

"I am sure they would. It must be very disagreeable."

"Not when one is interested in having the patient get well," said Mark.

"So you are interested?"

"Very much so. Dronk was a good friend of my father's."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. They were in the army together."

"Well, well. And so you feel like sacrificing much to help the old man out of his trouble. That speaks well for your heart, my boy, and I honor you for it. But see here."

"Yes, sir?"

"Don't give up a light-piece of work down at Bluffland, where you can be at home all the time, will you?" said the Major. "I'm really not a fit place for a good, honest boy like yourself. These rough, profane men will spoil you."

"I trust that I am strong enough to resist temptation," said Mark quickly.

"Of course, of course. But it would be much better for you at home. Your sister would appreciate the change, and you need not work so long that your school duties would be neglected. I have long meditated helping you and Marian."

The Major's effort proved unavailing. Mark refused to consider it for one moment. That the gentleman was disappointed was plain to be seen.

It was with difficulty that the manufacturer concealed his chagrin. Mark was wary. He remembered that Marian did not like the millionaire. She had, in fact, warned him against the Major. She approved of her brother's refusal to take favors from the monied man, for the service he had rendered at the boom.

"I am confident we have been wronged by Major Loveland," the young woman had said, and Mark never liked the man. As for taking service under him, he would not do it at any wage. Even his sister had seemed willing for Mark to work in the lumber camp. The boy, however, had ideas of his own that did not include work in any department of the Major's great business.

"I never thought Dave queer," said Mark, ready always to defend his friend.

"Well, not queer in the way you think," spoke the girl quickly. "He has the nicest eyes, and the softest voice! Oh, I like Dave Dudley. He knows how to do a nice thing without being ugly. Eustace was trying to fix this swing, but somehow, he couldn't make it work. The boy with the funny name came along and made everything right in two shakes. And now you have come. I am so glad."

Mark was glad also, but he held his peace. Evelyn was nice, there was no disguising that. He forgot all about her crusty old father while in her company. He asked her to let him swing her, which she did. The two chatted like old friends, and were soon on the friendliest terms.

Mark knew he should never forget that afternoon. Evelyn's company was so very agreeable that the boy actually forgot his patient in the stuffy little room on the ark.

"I have always wanted to come to the woods," said the girl, "but papa wouldn't let me till now. What a delightful old place. I don't wonder you stick so close to this woods work. I wish I was a boy!"

"Oh, no, I guess not."

"Oh, but I do. I'd ever so much nicer than being a girl. A boy can go where he pleases, and have such awfully lot of fun. If I only had a brother!"

Evelyn sighed, Mark laughed. Then he grew serious.

"It is nice to have a sister, I know, and likely if you had a brother you would like him as well as I do my sister Marian. But then, there's Eustace Stapler."

"Pooh, that fellow!"

Evelyn made a contemptuous gesture with her hands.

"You don't like your cousin?"

"He perfectly disgusts me!"

Mark's heart leaped. He felt that Miss Evelyn wasn't so bad. Where that young aristocrat was concerned they could agree to a dot. Somehow, her dislike of Eustace Stapler served to make her like her the more.

"Where is he now?" asked Mark.

"Gone off to pout. He was mad because your friend fixed the swing. You see, Mr. Quilling was a little fantastic in his remarks, and that made my silly cousin mad. I'm a horrid, I know, if all boys be nice like you and your chum with the hunch."

"Yes, why can't Eustace be?"

"Because they aren't all fools, that's why, Miss Sillybend."

And there, under a drooping bush, stood the subject of their discussion—Eustace Stapler.

It was an embarrassing situation. Evelyn blushed and laughed. She had been rude and she realized it now. Mark was

"Yes, sir?"

"Hurry, you give a light-piece of work down at Bluffland, where you can be at home all the time, will you say?" That is really not a fit place for a good, honest boy like yourself. These rough, profane men will spoil you."

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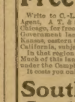

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not very much put out. He glanced at the boy under the bush and sneered:

"Envelopes?"

Eustace stepped forward. There was a scowl on his face. His hands were tightly clinched. He was still in the dumps.

"Don't mind him," said the girl.

"I reckon he'll have to mind me or get his head punched!" snarled the manufacturer's nephew. "One thing, let me tell you," and the angry youth turned toward his cousin. "Your father shall hear of this, Evelyn!"

"Hear of what, impudence?" asked the girl, who had something of a temper herself.

"Of your flirting with this low-down river tramp!" referring of course to Mark, who stood with folded arms viewing the two young people.

"For shame!" exclaimed the girl.

Mark Eldon forgot himself. He forgot his manners, too. He was apt to do this on occasions. With a spring he was at the throat of the boy who had insulted him. One instant thus, then he sprang backward without even pinching the dainty neck of Mr. Staples.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Loveland. At another time I will settle with his impudence."

Mark turned on his heel to walk away.

"Coward!" sneered Eustace.

Even this fling did not halt the proud Mark Eldon.

"Now do you see what he is, Evelyn."

"He's a gentleman, that's what he is, and that's what you are not," retorted the girl with a toss of her dainty head.

"You're a little fool, Evelyn Loveland—"

"I'm not going to stay here and be insulted."

Mark walked on. He heard a low cry of pain. He stopped then, and turned about. He saw that which made his blood boil.

Eustace had seized his cousin's arm and was pinching it savagely. But this was not the worst. He bent his head and set his teeth in her hand. With a low cry the girl reeled against a tree, holding up her small hand, from which the blood was trickling. Mark's indignation mastered him then. He set his teeth hard. There was a snap like the shutting of a steel trap. The next moment he was flying toward the cousins.

"You mean scamp, to treat a girl like that!" welled from the angry Mark. And then he confronted the offender. With a swift, sharp blow that left a scar for life, Eustace Staples to the ground.

CHAPTER X.

STORM AND DANGER.

"What is the meaning of this?"

Mark stood white and wrathful, with clinched hands and corrugated brow. His enemy lay sputtering and moaning at his feet. Evelyn still leaned against the tree, clasping her slender fingers about the wrist of her bleeding hand.

Mark turned on his heel when the manufacturer approached.

"Hold on a minute, you young brute!"

Major Loveland laid a heavy hand on the arm of the young river-driver.

The Major had not been cast ill he burst suddenly upon the scene. Mark was too indignant to offer an explanation. At sight of the fallen nephew and his daughter's bleeding hand, the man seemed to think that Mark was the cause of it all. He shook the boy till his head swam.

"Let me go," cried Mark struggling.

"I'll thrash you, you ungrateful, you wicked young reprobate!"

In his anger Major Loveland was very strong. He held the struggling boy as in a vise. Mark ceased to struggle. He glanced appealingly at Evelyn. Instead of answering that appeal she bowed her golden head in token of assent. Mark was too proud to offer to excuse himself. Eustace crawled slowly to his feet. His face was red with angry tears, and one eye was fast closing from the blow of Mark Eldon's fist.

"He bit me for nothin'," whined Eustace. "He tried to strike Evelyn; I interfered; I got nigh about killed. He's a perfect little ruffian."

Mark was not astonished. He knew that Eustace Staples and the truth were strangers. From the girl he expected a denunciation of the lie. This did not come. Mark was angry and indignant. He refused to plead for himself. A step crunched on the forest leaves and a hunchback boy approached.

Mark realized that he had one friend in the crowd.

"What have you to say for yourself?" demanded the major sternly.

"Ask your girl," was the lad's reply.

"Tell me, Evelyn."

But the girl was weeping hysterically.

"Stop crying and tell me at once," commanded the haughty father.

"He—he—pin-ched me, and bit me!" sobbed the girl.

"Oh, just little incorrigible, you young villian!"

The Major shook his prisoner, and raised a clinched hand to strike. That hand was stopped in the air. Dave Quilling had arrested it with a spring and a strap.

"Don't do that, Major Loveland," cried the hunchback. "You may be sorry if you do."

The angry Major turned fiercely upon the boy who had interfered.

"So you would defend the evil scamp in his wickedness!" uttered the man, hot and almost bursting. "Now I'll have you both arrested and lodged in jail. Come on, my children; I'll see that these boys are punished, and punished severely."

The speaker released Mark and stepped to Evelyn. Taking her arm he led her from the spot. Eustace followed closely on the heels of his uncle. Mark tried to catch the eye of the girl. In this he failed. He was disappointed that she did not speak up in his defense. Instead she had lied to help out her cousin.

"How did it come?" asked Dave.

Mark explained. Dave sat in the swing and twisted it about till the ropes of hark were one above his head. He then lifted his feet and went whirling about dizzily. The result was a sharp fall, as the twist broke the rope.

"Strange how girls act sometimes," muttered the hunchback as he picked himself from the ground. "That baby cousin of hers needed the thump you gave him all right. I have no patience with such fellows."

"Nor have I," said Mark. "I did think Evelyn was different from the rest, but I guess they are all of a piece after all."

There was a ring of disappointment in the voice of Mark.

"Evelyn cousin nice enough, but if she lied to the old Major, I think she's a bad minx, and the less you have to do with her the better," Dave leaned against a tree and gazed thoughtfully after the retreating figures of Major Loveland and his children.

Mark could not curb his resentment. He spoke harshly of all concerned.

"I don't care if I never speak to that girl again. She was so nice and respectful till Eustace came along; but she need not have lied to please him, especially after he had used her so roughly."

"Oh, well, don't mourn. They are all alike, a stuck-up set of nobodies I call them, caddies."

Dave hunched his crooked shoulder and laughed.

"Caddish?" said Mark.

"Oddfish rustycats," and Dave roared.

"Do you think that's try to make trouble for me, Dave?"

"The Major? Well, let him if he wants an string. He can't do a thing. Don't borrower anxious. Let him come on. With low cost, than any other machine making and has the most wonderful self-threading shuttle. Guaranteed for 20 years. Sent on 10 days' free trial. If not entirely satisfactory return it at our expense and it will wash the heaviest blankets, rugs, and carpets. It positively runs out very easy on your clothes, which alone saves its cost in a short time. Write for free booklet.

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Tale of the Odormotor.

Tinkerman, the gifted inventor, sat in his study thinking and waiting for the ringing of dinner. Suddenly his senses were assailed by a highly powerful suggestion of roast beef and the delicious odor of roast fowl so familiar to all.

Instantly a thought struck the inventor's brain. With a mental gasp of discovery he held up a finger by what mysterious mediary am I apprised of the fact that a fowl is on the fire? In other words, what is the connection by which olfactory nerves are affected by something, but what is that something? Is it a subtle emanation? Is it shaking of the air as in hearing, a series of short waves of the ether of light, or is it, can it be—O, glorious thought—a new kind of radio-activity? It is!" he shouted. "It is a new discovery!"

The roast fowl was forgotten. Long and deep into himself was he plunged. He noted that the olfactory nerves merely receive the impression of the certain kind of radiation. He learned that the beefsteak in cooking, the gasoline in burning, yes, even the tobacco smoke in the fact

Keeneyes.

(Continued from page five.)

any of my motives. My money is at your disposal and I have the victim to offer, namely young Stevenson."

"I suppose you hate him and want him skinned?"

"No, indeed," said Keeneyes, earnestly. "I like him as much as one can like a puddinghead. I would not put one temptation in the way, but since he is determined to go to the devil, I have a reason for selecting the particular."

"The particular devil? Oh, thank you, sir!"

"No, madam, I was not about to say anything so disrespectful to one of your sex which, in spite of all it can do, I sincerely admire. No, I was about to say that I have a secret, but honorable motive for selecting the particular road young Stevenson shall travel to his destination."

"Why do you not try to reform him?" Lizzie asked.

"For the same reason that I do not preach morality to you. In my business, I desire for men and women to be just what they are. That suits my business."

"And what is your business?" asked Lizzie.

"That," said Keeneyes, "is my business."

"Naturally," said Lizzie, drily.

"It is a business that I feel I can still support alone without going into partnership with anybody, even with so vivacious a person as yourself."

Keeneyes bowed politely.

Further chapters looking toward the solution of this mysterious story will appear in the Ledger issue of next week. We advise you to watch Keeneyes' deductions and the unfoldment of the drama to the end. It will repay you. If you desire to be entertained you ought to take this paper regularly and read the great stories of love and romance and mystery and adventure that will appear in its pages during the autumn and winter. Send to your subscription and get one of our King Cameras free as announced on page thirteen, or any six of the splendid patterns appearing in our advertisement on page fifteen.

An Angel.

Mrs. Marks—Gracious! I never saw so many soiled faces in my life. Why don't you use some soap and water?

Tommy Tuff—We're waitin' for de angel, mum.

Mrs. Marks—What angel?

Tommy Tuff—Why, de lady dat come fru here last week and give one of de kids a nickel to wash his face.

Too Much.

I begged Marie to smile on me,
For I with love was daft.
She smiled! She more than smiled, for she
Just held her sides and laughed.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

WHAT HE HAD IN HIS POCKET.

Guess what he had in his pocket!
Marbles and tops and sundry toys,
Such as always belong to boys,
A bitter apple, a leather ball?—
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?
A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
A brassy watchkey broken in two,
A fishhook in a tangle of string?—
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?
Gingerbread, crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two, with a rubber gun?—
Seldom one.

What did he have in his pocket?
Before he knew it, it slyly crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of the quickly stole—
'Twas a hole.

The Lady and the Dragon.

She was the dearest little lady that you ever did see. Of course she came from China—you could tell that from her tiny feet and her embroidered red jacket and her full blue trousers and the dainty fan she carried. She stood at one end of the parlor mantelpiece and peeped over the fan at the big bronze dragon at the other end. She had to stand on tiptoe to do this, for the French clock stood between.

The old dragon looked very fierce, but he really was kindhearted, for he had a candlestick in his right claw, and, you know, unless he had been a very good old dragon he never would have gone so in the years he had stood on that mantelpiece.

At last he saw the little lady peeping at him. "Psst!" he cried with a grin, and she smiled back. "Well, I do believe, you're Chinese, too, like me," he said.

The little lady nodded and laughed behind her fan, for he certainly was a queer old fellow. He was all covered with scales and had a long tail, and two big pointed wings.

"I've just come from China," she said. "My name is Ting Loy San."

"Hmm," said the dragon, "that's a very nice name." He was trying to be polite, for it was pleasant to have somebody to talk to. The French clock did not know a word of Chinese. "I'd tell you my name too, if I knew what it was."

"Dear me!" cried the little lady. "Have you lost it?"

"No, no," he said, "but it's so long since I've heard it that I've forgotten it."

"Too bad," "My name is about the only thing I have to remember, for I left China so soon after I was made that I didn't see much of it. It was frightfully dark in the box, and I did get so lonely some sometimes." Her pretty eyes filled with tears.

"There, there," said the dragon gruffly, "don't cry. You aren't lonesome now, are you?"

She dried away her tears. "N-no," she said bravely, "except nights."

"I will protect you then," said the dragon, and she thanked him sweetly.

Two nights after that, as he peeped around the French clock, the dragon saw the little lady fixing her eyes on her fringed sleeve. "What's the trouble?" he asked kindly.

"O, dear!" she said "I'm so homesick. It sounds funny, but I am."

"Then why don't you go home?" he asked.

"Why, how can I?" said she.

The dragon looked her over very carefully. "That's so, he said; "you haven't any wings. Now if you were like me—"

Suddenly the lady clapped her hands and laughed. "O, I've thought of the nicest plan," she cried. "Let us both go back to China. Your wings are strong and you can carry me on your back—D, Mr. Dragon, do say you will."

The dragon looked very much surprised, for he was rather stiff from having stood in the same spot so many years, but he was a kind old dragon, so at last he smiled.

"Why not?" said he. "I believe I would like to go back. Why, I might even find my name again." And he began to get quite excited and pleased about it.

"I am sure you would," said the little lady, and so it was decided on. The dragon flew once or twice around the room for practice, and then the lady seated herself on his back, and away they went. The dragon kept the candle in his right claw to light the way.

And now, in case you don't believe this story, I will say that when the people that lived in the house came down next morning the lady and the dragon were both gone. Some people thought the burglars stole them, but you and I know they are safe in China, and let us hope that the dragon found his name again.

NOT ROLLING STOCK.

Farmer Stackstraw—Why don't ye take that calf home, Jerry?
Jerry—I would of I had the fetched-like d brute on castors.

Shooting a Panther.

Here is a tale of a tiger shot by Col. Rundle in his own bungalow in India. The incident occurred in the middle of the day. The Colonel says: "I was sitting writing in my verandah, when I got home out and said that she had seen the tail of a panther prowling from behind a very large old banyan tree that was standing on its end in a corner of the room. I prepared the ground by removing all the furniture from the adjoining room and closing the doors of the room in which the panther was apparently soundly sleeping. I took a rifle myself and armed my wife and a native groom, also with rifles. We decided on shooting the panther in the room. Opening the door just sufficiently to get my rifle through, I fired through the panel, hitting it the spot which I thought most likely to be fatal to the panther. The crack of the rifle was followed by a growl and a howl, and out came the beast straight for the door behind which I was standing. The angry brute passed me within a foot or two and I had just time to see it was fatally wounded in the stomach. It immediately proceeded to bolt into an adjoining room.

"Each room in turn was carefully reconnoitered, the blood tracks being very copious, showing exactly where it had gone. In one room a hall had been made opposite a large mirror, in which the panther, which afterward proved to be a female, must have seen its image, as the presence of a very large pool of blood showed that the animal had sat down. Eventually we found the beast in a spare room, it having again taken shelter behind a coil of matting. There was a window or skylight fifteen feet from the floor of this room and to this I climbed. Looking down I saw my friend sitting in a corner ready to make a spring. Unfortunately it saw me before I could get my rifle up. Taking fright, it bolted out, this time passing through the house and close to St. Macan (a brother officer), who fired at it as it passed under a bed and again a second later as it went through the door. Neither shot proved fatal, owing to certain portions of the furniture. But they had the effect of driving it out of the house, badly wounded, across the tennis court into the mess compound, which is just opposite the house.

"Just at this moment an inquisitive sweeper emerged from his house to see what the commotion was. Quickly spotting him, the panther made for the man. A race ensued between the two. Too feeble to do harm, the beast merely made two or three clutches at the man's clothes and then, turning into an outhouse, it was killed with a shot of a .577. Within a radius of six miles of Jubbulpore panthers are common and a full-grown male tiger cub was accounted for on the present golf links."

Dominoes for Children.

Dominoes are not difficult to make. Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually two cupfuls of sugar; add the yolks of four eggs. Beat thoroughly; then fold in the well-beaten whites and three cupfuls of pastry flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Pour into greased dripping pans to the depth of half an inch. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

When done, turn out on a cloth to cool, and when cold cut with a sharp knife into oblong pieces the shape and size of a domino. Cover the top and sides with white icing; when this has hardened, dip a wooden skewer into melted chocolate and draw the lines and make the dots on the dominoes.

Children are always delighted with these little cakes.

RUNNING AWAY.

"Wait a minute, dear Brook, I pray;
Where are you going?" "I'm running away."
"Yes, but where?" "O, down the hill;
Brooks, you know, can never stand still."
"But listen—listen, you chatter so
You'll never hear what I say, I know!"
"Never—never! I'm off, you see,
And whoever talks must run with me.
"I must hurry! The little looms
That weave the silk for each flower that blooms
Will all move slowly and then stand still
To wait for the water that runs the mill."

Floss and the Fox.

Floss was a big yellow cat, one of my many pets in my country home. One summer we noticed that day after day Floss went down across the meadow and disappeared in the oogh of the cedar swamp. He always went in late in the afternoon, and one day I followed him, taking good care that he should not see me. He skirted the swamp for several rods, stopped at a little open, and, seating himself on a stump, began washing his face, stopping now and then to glance about in expectant fashion. Shortly there was a rustling among the bushes, and a handsome yellow fox leaped into the open. The two fox made two circles and the fox played tag as gayly as two children. Floss was always the "tagger," and the fox ran from him and then doubled and dodged in so comical a manner that I laughed outright, whereupon they stopped their play and stood for a moment listening. Then Floss went back to the stump and the fox lay down on the grass. After a few minutes' rest they were up and at it again. The fox was untiring, but Floss was not so nimble, and every time I shout, rundown they separated. Floss walking slowly toward home and the fox swinging off toward the nearby stream at a brisk trot. I hurried to overtake Floss; but he seemed frightened when he saw me, and ran into the swamp. He did not come home until next morning, and I never again did we see him crossing the meadow or find him playing with his wild comrade.

A Sunshine Receipt.

"Just pouring," Jill said dismally.

"And I can't go out playing because I've got a cold, mamma said," echoed Jack.

"Why don't you make it a sunshiny day?" asked aunty. "I've a recipe I've seen tried and never knew it to fail. One hundred smiles and one hundred kisses, and one hundred pleasant remarks to some one."

At first the children thought it would be slight to have the three hundred could be found, but they started out bravely. How hard they worked to make everybody in the house laugh or smile.

"I've made twenty-five pleasant remarks already," said Jill at last.

"I've smiled so much I can hardly look sober," said Jill with another laugh.—Jewels.

A Cat With Wings.

The boatswain of the "Caspian," an English schooner, brought with him from India a cat with wings. Of course he always referred to as his "Tabby." It certainly looked like like a cat in every way but it was probably some freak of the animal world. It had two pairs of wings, but could fly only with difficulty, like a tame duck.

OH, DEAR!

My Mamma's gone an' left me,
Wif peoples for a while,
So she can do some shoppin',
An' I can't even smile—
For play, but stand here thinkin'
An' lookin', through this crack,
Jus' waitin' and a-wishin'
That she will hurry back.

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